

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

December

10¢

15 Cents
In Canada



READ
FICTION STORY
"MARK of ZORRO"

starring
TYRONE POWER,
LINDA DARNELL

IN THIS ISSUE

MRS. AMECHE TALKS ABOUT DON!
Winning JUDY GARLAND'S Gay Life Story
"I Settle For Love!" by MADELEINE CARROLL

TURBULENT ADVENTURE...SET AGAINST THE RICH,
ROMANTIC TAPESTRY OF EARLY ARIZONA!

The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U. S. A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker...at incalculable cost...with a superb cast of thousands...in especially re-created Old Tucson!



Wesley Ruggles'
ARIZONA

starring

JEAN ARTHUR

with

WILLIAM HOLDEN

WARREN WILLIAM · PORTER HALL
and a cast of thousands

Based on the Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Clarence Budington Kelland.
Screen play by Claude Binyon · Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Columbia Picture

WATCH FOR THIS HIT
PRODUCTION . . . AT
YOUR LOCAL THEATRE



Tired? Half Frozen?

**LOOK OUT
FOR
A COLD!**

Gargle LISTERINE

when you reach home!

There's nothing like one of those late season stubborn games played in miserable weather to soften you up so that a cold or sore throat may find you easy pickings. Everybody knows that after such games these troubles shoot up.

Amazing Germ Killing Power

The next time you go, remember to get warm as quickly as possible when you reach home and to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may head off an on-coming cold, or help control one that has already started.

Listerine Antiseptic kills by millions certain bacteria on throat surfaces . . . bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Tests showed germ reductions ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes

after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

These germs, harmless enough under ordinary circumstances, often invade the throat membranes and set up an infection when body resistance is lowered. And resistance may weaken under the chill, the dampness, the fatigue, the emotion and strain of a football game.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds for Garglers

So we repeat, when you reach home, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic every two hours. It's a sensible precaution to take.

Remember that in tests made during 9 years of research, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BARGAIN OFFER! TO INTRODUCE **Listerine Throat Light**

DUPONT LUCITE ILLUMINATOR



Bends heatless light rays around corners—illuminates mouth and throat to help you see signs of soreness or infection.

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS NOW!

75¢ SIZE LISTERINE
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
\$1.50 VALUE

BOTH FOR 98¢

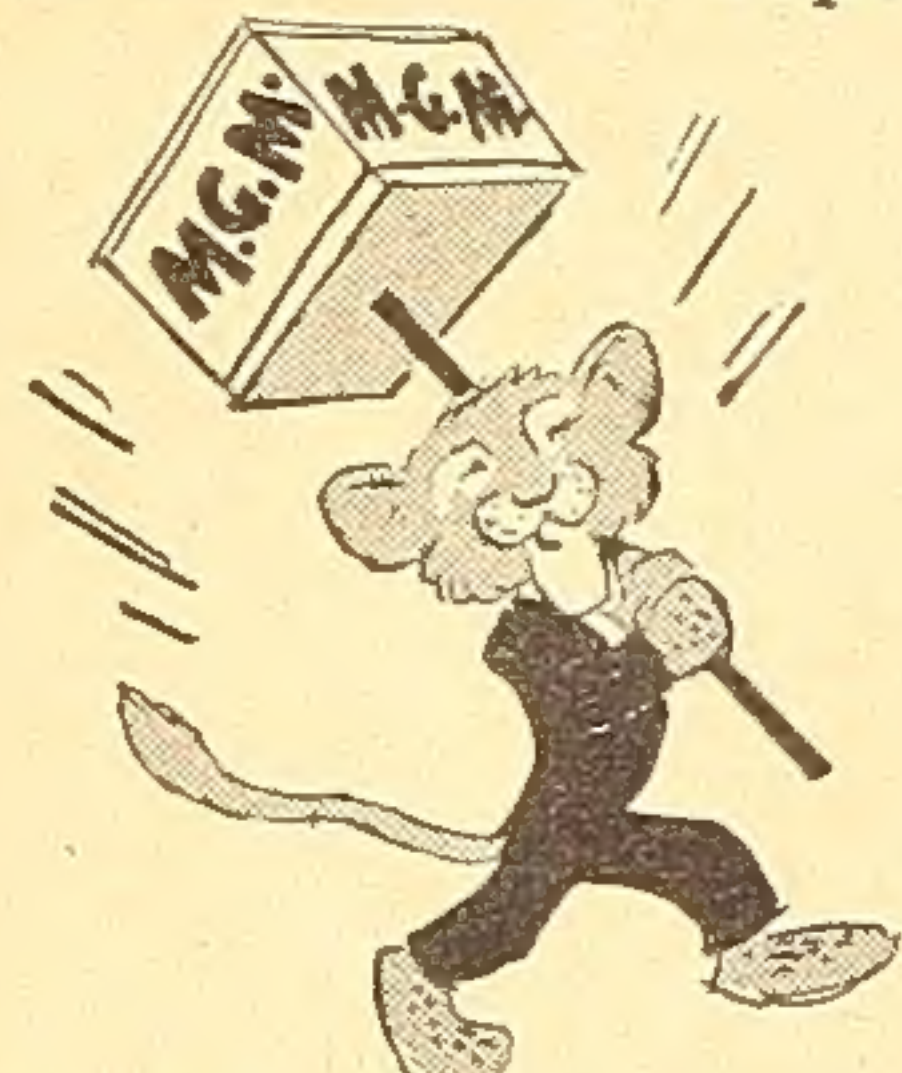
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.



★ ★
Perhaps you
should know
some few facts
about your fa-
vorite screen
candidate. As
follows:

★ ★
In the last 17 annual polls of the nation's critics, M-G-M produced 53 of the 170 best pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★
Of the 100 leading stars and featured players in the movies, 48 are under contract to M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★
These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothorn, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

★ ★ ★ ★
The M-G-M studios in Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

★ ★ ★ ★
M-G-M pictures are produced on thirty giant sound stages, one of which, 310 by 133 feet, is 40 feet high.

★ ★ ★ ★
The laboratory annually prints enough film to encircle the earth at the equator with enough left over to reach from Los Angeles to Boston. No one has ever tried to do this however.

★ ★ ★ ★
Among the outstanding films M-G-M has produced are THE BIG PARADE, BEN-HUR, THE MERRY WIDOW, THE FOUR HORSEMEN, BROADWAY MELODY, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE BIG HOUSE, TRADER HORN, GRAND HOTEL, THE THIN MAN, SMILIN' THROUGH, DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, SAN FRANCISCO, THE GOOD EARTH, CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, BOYS TOWN, TEST PILOT, THE CITADEL, THE WIZARD OF OZ, BABES IN ARMS, GOODBYE MR. CHIPS, NINOTCHKA, NORTHWEST PASSAGE, BOOM TOWN, STRIKE UP THE BAND, and ESCAPE. How many have you seen?



For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

★ ★ ★ ★
When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Smart Screen Magazine SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

December, 1940

Vol. XLII, No. 2

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	17
Hollywood Whirl.....	Len Weissman	18
Judy Garland's Gay Life Story. Part I.....		22
"I Married My Ambition:—Youth." William Powell		
	Charles Lancaster	24
"The Mark of Zorro." Complete fictionization. Elizabeth B. Petersen		26
"I'll Settle for Love." Madeleine Carroll		
	As told to Elizabeth Wilson	28
Mrs. Ameche Talks About Don.....	Maude Cheatham	30
Y-a-h Y-a-h! She's Teacher's Pet. Barbara Stanwyck.....	Liza	32
Lupino! Genius or Screwball?.....	S. R. Mook	34
"Virginia.".....	Ann Cottrell	51
Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Romero Rides Again.....	Charles Darnton	54
Your Glamor Guide. Fashion Section.....		56
Norvell Tells You What to Expect of the Future.....		62

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, Joan Fontaine, Carole Lombard, Priscilla Lane, Ann Sheridan, George Brent, Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas, Lana Turner, George Murphy, Deanna Durbin, Margaret Lindsay, John Wayne, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month, Stirling Hayden.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Honor Page.....	8
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley 10
Tagging the Talkies.....	12
Inside the Stars' Homes. Linda Darnell.....	Betty Boone 14
Face Facts. Ida Lupino.....	Courtenay Marvin 60
Yours for Loveliness.....	61
Here's Hollywood.....	Weston East 64

Cover Portrait of TYRONE POWER and LINDA DARNELL
in Costume for "The Mark of Zorro"

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.
Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Sweethearts



Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE

NELSON

MacDONALD • EDDY
in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with
GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART
Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



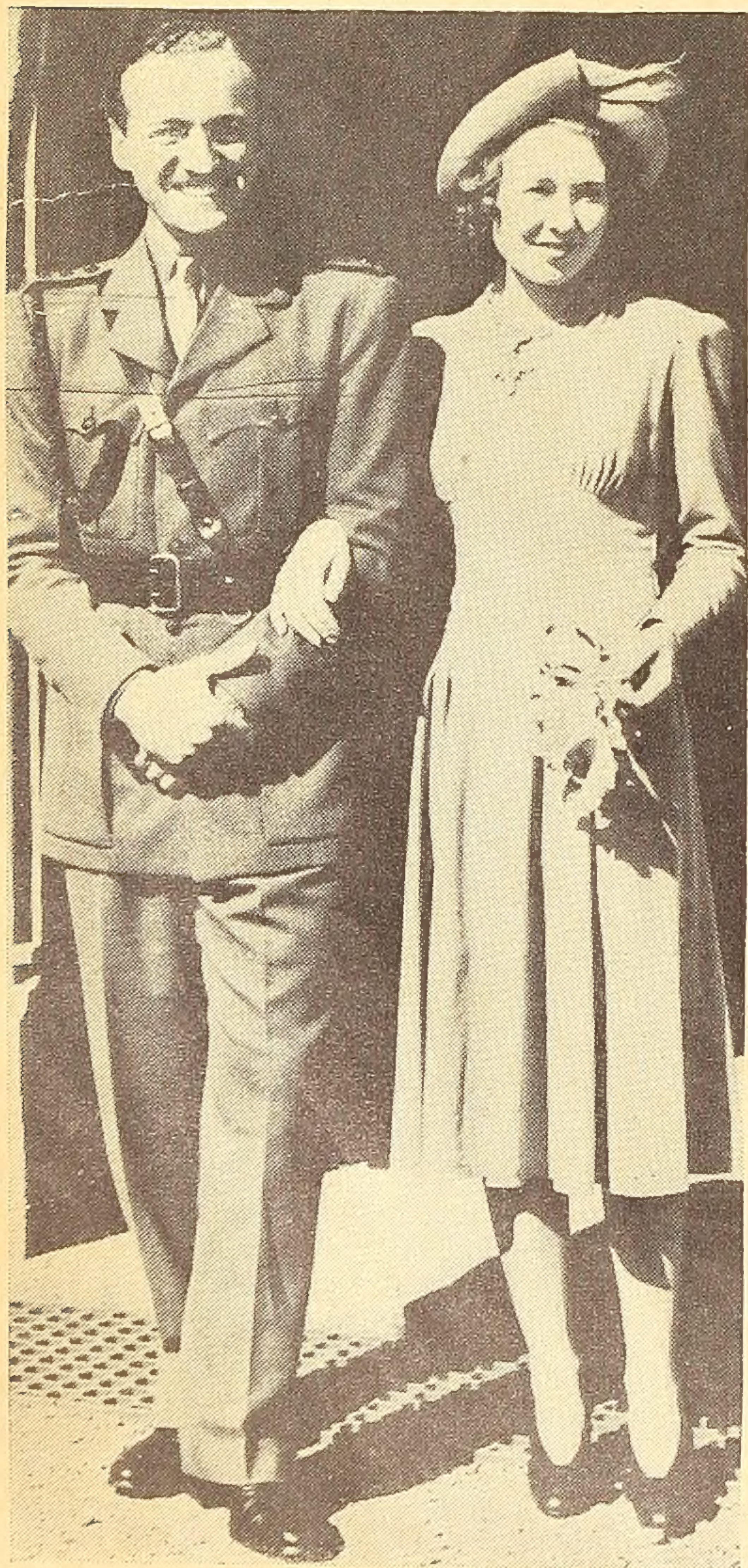
Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"

SCREENLAND

A romantic scene from "Lady Hamilton," in which Vivien Leigh enacts rôle of the famous beauty who changed the course of English history, and Laurence Olivier, Vivien's recent bridegroom, plays the noted admiral, Lord Nelson.



THE John Barrymore-Elaine Barrie upset has everyone speculating as to whether it could possibly be the end. From a source very close to Elaine comes a rumor that it is, at last. This is the first time Elaine hasn't followed her previous pattern of reconciliation. This time she confided to a close friend, "For two years I've been saying, 'I have nothing to say'—now, I'm not even saying that." To take her mind off her troubles she has enrolled in a class to study body control from Maria Ouspenskaya.



International

David Niven, who's in England serving with the British Rifle Brigade, is pictured with his lovely bride, Primula Rollo, as they were leaving the church following their recent marriage.

FRED ASTAIRE is an enigma to Hollywood in more ways than one. However, his outstanding claim to distinction is the fact that he is the most elegantly refined gentleman in the business. When he announced he couldn't say "ain't" on the screen because it wasn't refined, people laughed outright, but if you'll listen carefully in "Second Chorus" you'll know Fred meant what he said. You'll hear him sing, *I'm NOT Hep To That Step, But I'll Dig It*. Everyone else uses "ain't" as it was originally written.

SOMETHING to make you open your eyes: Betty Grable indolently chewing a wad of gum while dancing with a titled Italian, Count Cassini, at Ciro's. . . . Did you know that Norma Shearer has been religiously taking lessons to learn how to

do a double-quick rumba? No doubt she wants to be able to keep up with George Raft.

THE town is chuckling over a gag that Carole Lombard recently pulled on Clark Gable. Clark couldn't see the humor of the prank, they say, and he left the gathering in a huff. He and Carole were entertaining some friends at dinner and afterwards sat down to see some home movies. Instead of the usual color shots of mountain streams and snow-clad peaks there appeared on the screen the first test Clark ever made for M-G-M. He was playing a native lover in nothing but a loin cloth and a hibiscus back of his ear. Gable couldn't take it, but his guests had a hilarious evening running the thing over and over again.

HOLLYWOOD HEART TREATMENT!



Texas Ranger Gary Cooper gets his man, but loses his heart to Madeleine Carroll in "North West Mounted Police."



Exciting Paulette Goddard plays havoc with the heart of that gallant "Mountie" Robert Preston.



"Arise, my love, and fly away with me!" Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert, partners-in-love in Paramount's "Arise, My Love!"

Dear Joan--

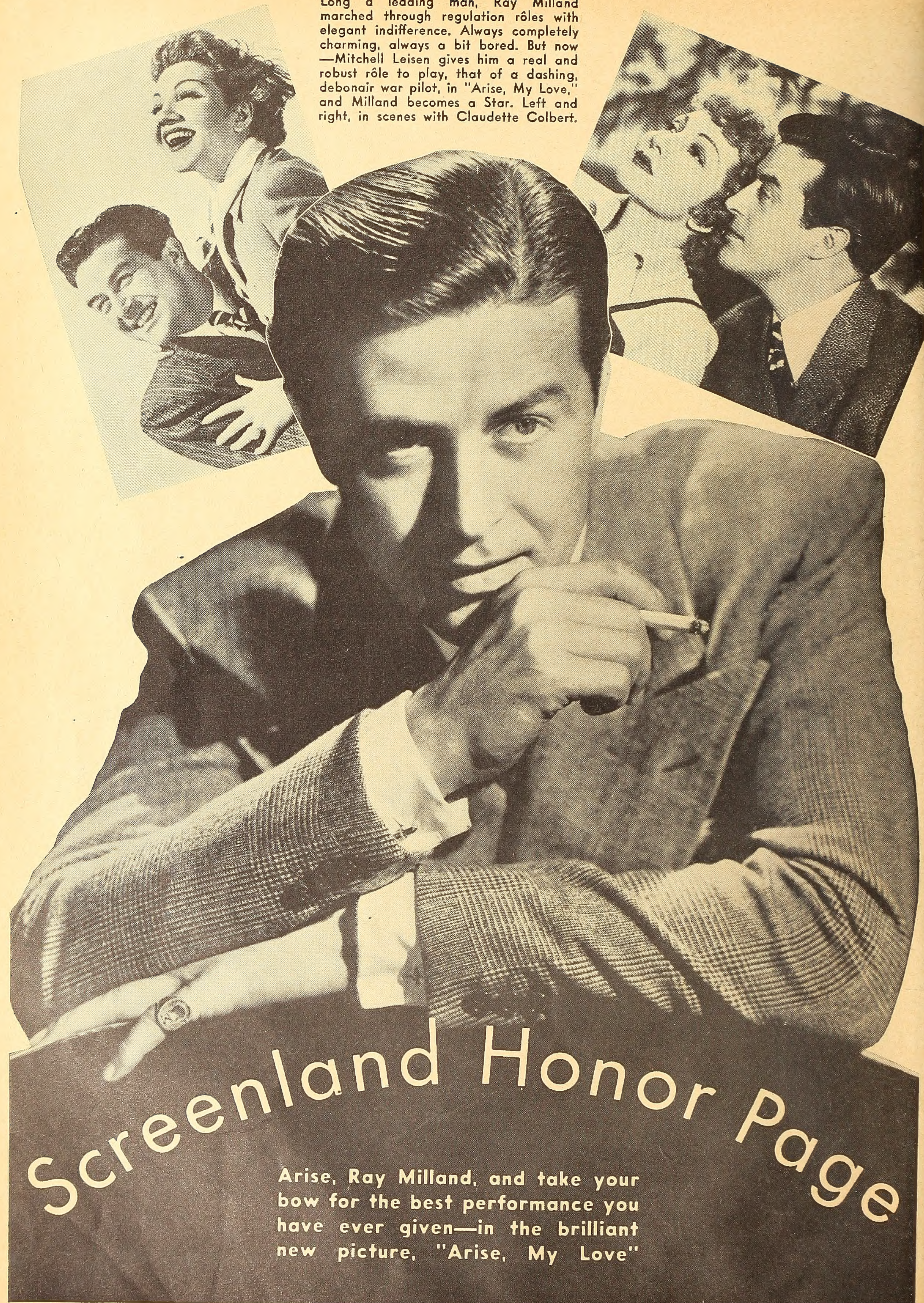
Got your note about the difficulties you are having with Bill. That Reno-vation stuff is the bunk. I've a better idea. Take him to the moving pictures! Crazy? Not a bit of it. I've just glimpsed two of the most powerful demonstrations of the power of love even my experienced orbs have ever seen. First, Paramount's amazing new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor drama of the big open spaces, "North West Mounted Police." The old master has managed to weave into his yarn about the gallant red coats not one but two of the most convincing love stories I've ever seen on the screen. Gary Cooper in his best; and I mean best, role to date and Preston Foster compete for the love of Madeleine Carroll in a romance that'll have Bill dewy-eyed. And Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston unravel a love story that would send an iceberg into thermostatic ecstasies.

If "North West Mounted Police" doesn't succeed in mellowing him, and I'm sure it will, you don't need to worry. Paramount's "Arise, My Love" is just about the answer to the lovelorn's prayer. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland make this Mitch Leisen combination of the laughter of "Midnight," the heart appeal of "Farewell to Arms," into THE love picture of the decade. It's tender. It's titillating. It's terrific. Bill'll be holding your hand before the end of the first reel...kissing you by the fifth.

But you get the idea...so watch for these two great love pictures...collect Bill...and watch 'em knock Reno foolishness out of both your heads.

Yours helpfully,


Jillie



Long a leading man, Ray Milland marched through regulation rôles with elegant indifference. Always completely charming, always a bit bored. But now —Mitchell Leisen gives him a real and robust rôle to play, that of a dashing, debonair war pilot, in "Arise, My Love," and Milland becomes a Star. Left and right, in scenes with Claudette Colbert.

Screenland Honor Page

Arise, Ray Milland, and take your bow for the best performance you have ever given—in the brilliant new picture, "Arise, My Love"



*"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."*

BETTE DAVIS

in WARNER BROS.' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Letter

with
HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort • Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N
Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

MIXED-UP BY
MAKE-UP? . . JUST
Be Yourself..
Be Natural!



ARE you going wild trying to find YOUR OWN shade of lipstick among the thousands of shades on the market? Use TANGEE NATURAL...actually the lipstick of a thousand shades...for Tangee changes as you apply it to your lips, from orange in the stick, to the ONE shade of red JUST RIGHT for your skin-coloring! For perfect make-up harmony, match your lips with Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Creme or Compact Rouge.

You'll find Tangee Natural helps END THAT PAINTED LOOK. And, once you've applied Tangee, the special cream base will keep your lips smooth and soft for hours and hours!



TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. Dist., 417
Fifth Ave., New York City...Please
rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks
and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades.
Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).
(15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

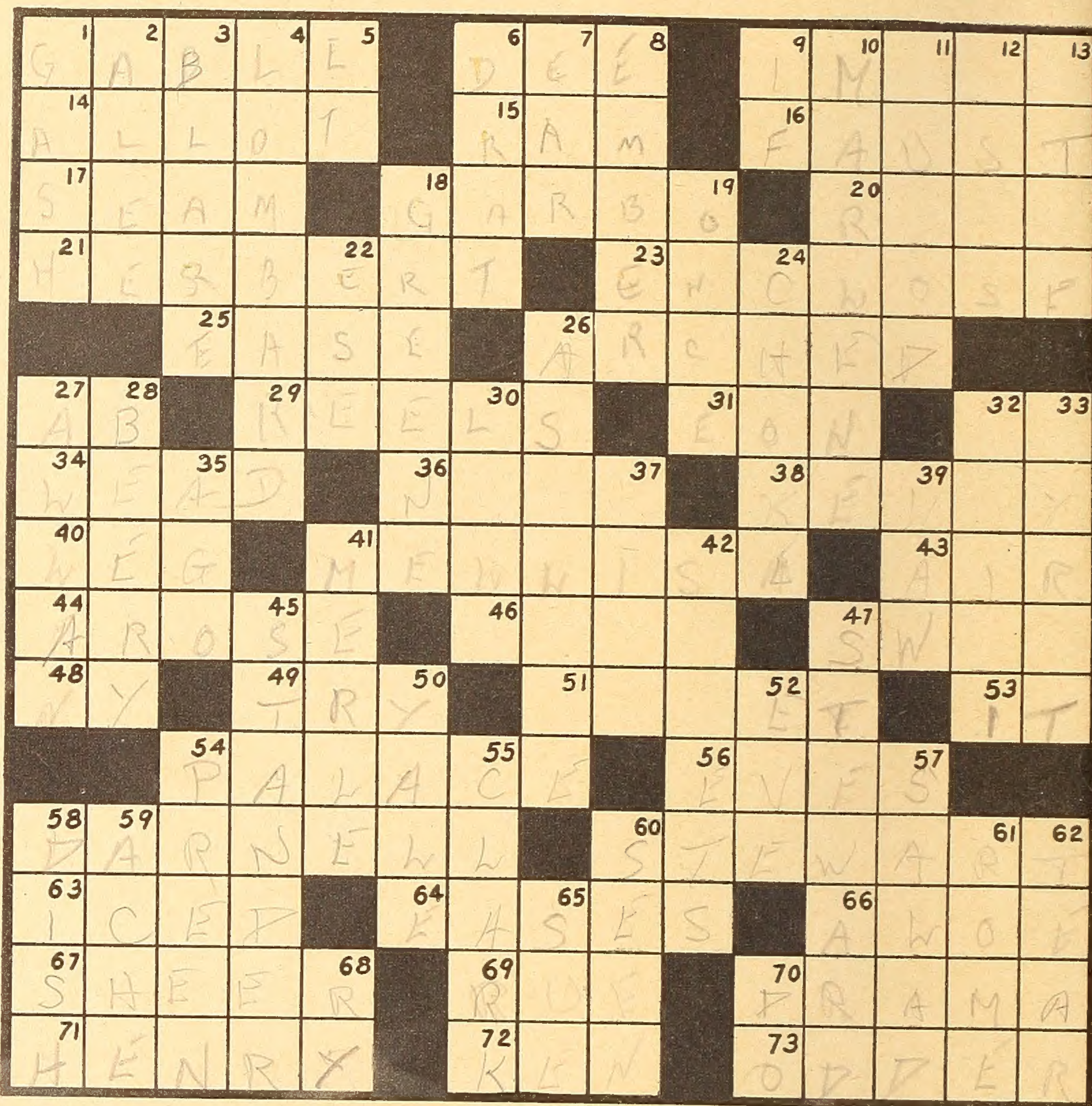
Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ SU120

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

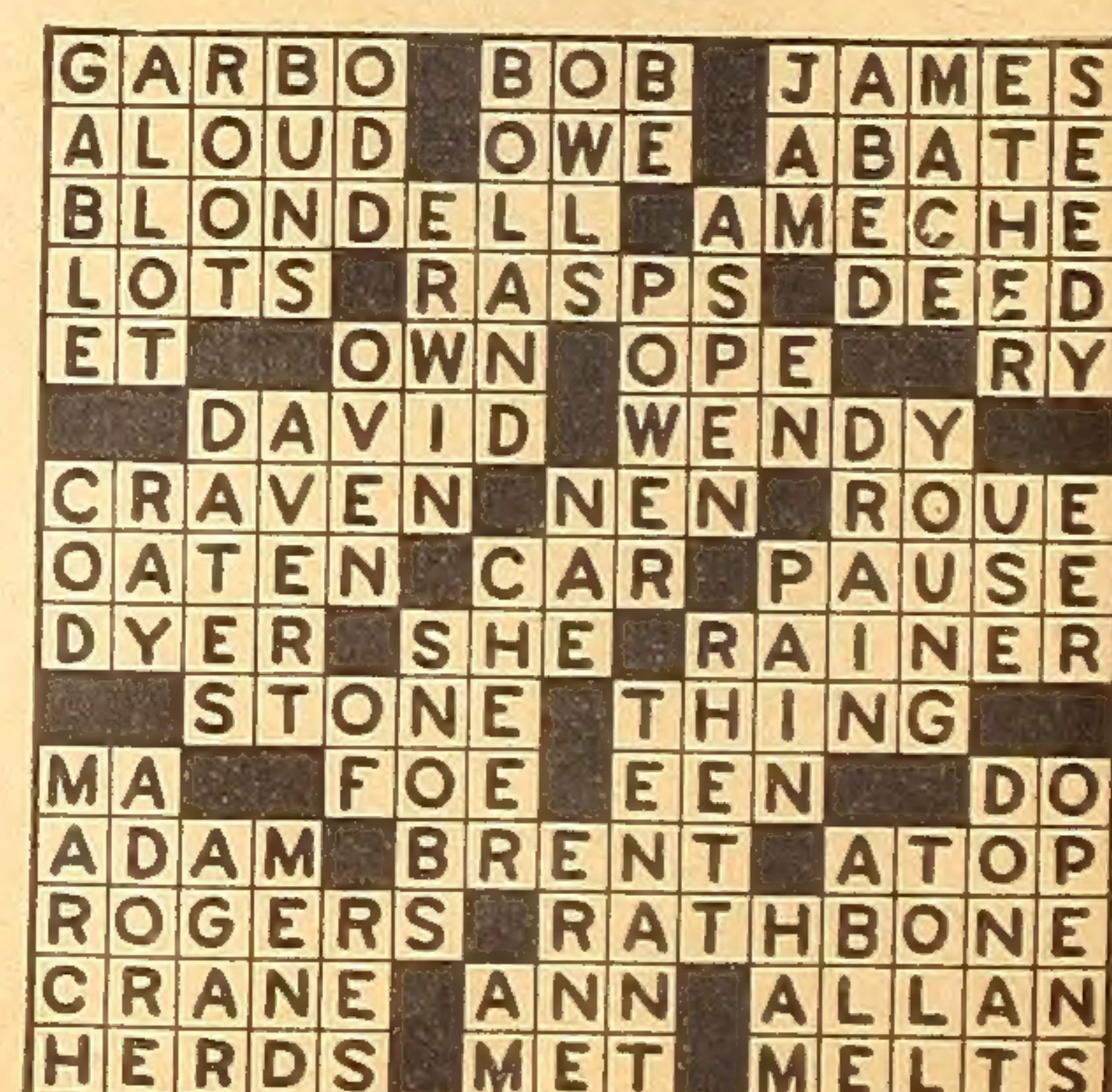
1. Co-star of "Boom Town"
6. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
9. To lay in surrounding matter
14. To mete out
15. Male sheep
16. A hilarious comedy film
17. Junction between two parts
18. Our famous Swedish film star
20. Dissipated man
21. The spy in "Foreign Correspondent"
23. To embrace
25. Relieve; lighten
26. Curved, as eyebrows
27. College degree
29. Subdivisions of a movie
31. Indefinite period of time
32. Exist
34. Principal rôle in a picture
36. Girl's name
38. She's featured in "Sailor's Lady"
40. Part of the body
41. Olivia de Havilland's rôle in "Gone With the Wind"
43. Tune
44. Came up
46. Cans
47. What *The Ugly Duckling* turned into
48. Eastern state (abbrev.)
49. Attempt
51. Re-rented
53. Hollywood slang for sex appeal
54. Royal residence
56. Nights before important events
58. She co-stars in "Brigham Young"
60. Co-star in "No Time for Comedy"
63. Frozen
64. Relaxes, soothes
66. Bitter medicinal drug
67. Thin, like a movie star's nose
69. Regret
70. A serious type of picture

71. He plays title rôle in "The Return of Frank James"
72. To have knowledge
73. More peculiar

DOWN

1. A cut
2. On the sheltered side
3. A loud sound, as of a trumpet
4. She co-stars in "They Knew What They Wanted"
5. And (Fr.)
6. Slang expression of displeasure
7. What you hear a talkie with
8. A live, smoldering coal
9. "... I Had My Way," with Bing Crosby
10. Co-star of "Destry Rides Again"
11. Wide
12. Old French coins
13. Extending far downward
18. He co-starred in "I Was An Adventuress"
19. One time
22. Compass point (abbrev.)
24. To strangle
26. Dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
27. He sings in "The Boys from Syracuse"
28. Star of "Wyoming"
30. A rollicking tune
32. "... the Deacon," with Bob Burns
33. Co-star of "I Love You Again"
35. Past
37. She's "Anne of Windy Poplars"
39. "Prairie ...," with George O'Brien
41. She co-stars in "'Til We Meet Again"
42. Small islands
45. Character actor who recently testified before the Dies' Committee
47. An attendant on a passenger liner
50. Famous university for men
52. The Garden of Eden lady
54. To prink or smooth, as feathers
55. Carole Lombard's husband
57. A dinner course
58. A vessel in which to serve food
59. A persistent pain
60. Noticed
61. Capital of Italy
62. To rip
65. To prosecute at law
68. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
70. To achieve

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle



Kay's In a Daze In a Maze of Bad Humor Men!



He's back—in the hit this rage of radio had to make after the sensational success of his first screen show last year. You'll shiver while you swing as Kay plays six haunting new song hits with his band, and the band plays hide-and-seek with a haunted houseful of villains!

KAY KYSER

In A Mystery With Music

"You'll Find Out"

With **PETER LORRE** • **BORIS KARLOFF** • **BELA LUGOSI**
HELEN PARRISH • **DENNIS O'KEEFE** • **ALMA KRUGER**
and **KAY KYSER'S BAND** *Featuring* **GINNY SIMMS**
Harry Babbitt • Ish Kabibble • Sully Mason & "The College of Musical Knowledge"

Produced and Directed by **DAVID BUTLER**

Screen Play by James V. Kern



With the Swellest Songs the Old Professor's Ever Taught You: 'I'd Know You Anywhere'—'You've Got Me This Way'—'The Bad Humor Man'—'Like the Fella Once Said'—'I've Got A One-Track Mind'—'Don't Think It Ain't Been Charming.'



SCREENLAND

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Knute Rockne—All American—Warner Bros.
Impressive and exciting to all of you who love football—which means a large audience for this stirring film based on the life of the beloved Notre Dame coach. Well-knit story carries *Rockne* from boyhood through his college days, his life work as football coach, molder of men, and defender of college sports, to the last chapter—an inspiring record of an outstanding American. Pat O'Brien gives a great performance as *Rockne*.



Brigham Young, Frontiersman—20th Century-Fox
The story told here is about the founding of the Mormon religion, and the Mormons' historic trek from Nauvoo, Ill., to Salt Lake City, Utah, and shows the sufferings they endured. Dean Jagger is great as the Mormon leader, and Tyrone Power is good as the scout. It has many spectacular scenes, some of which are: the flights of thousands of men, women, and children; the crickets' invasion and the sea-gulls' miracle. Beautiful photography.



Rangers of Fortune—Paramount
A lively adventure story about three daring and adventurous cavaliers of the plains, Fred MacMurray, Gilbert Roland, and Albert Dekker, who stop in a small southwestern town to aid a little girl, Betty Brewer, and her grandfather fight corrupt government. The boys tarry long enough to clean up the town and romance with Patricia Morison before they're off to new adventures. Entire cast fine. Has humor, plenty of action, fist-fights galore.



No Time for Comedy—Warners
It's to be expected that any comedy with Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell will be thoroughly enjoyable, and this one's no exception. Jimmy plays a small-town playwright who makes good in the big city and marries the star (Rosalind) of his play. They're happy until he meets *Amanda* (Genevieve Tobin), wealthy matron with a complex for bringing out the latent talent in writers. It has hilarious situations and sophisticated dialogue.

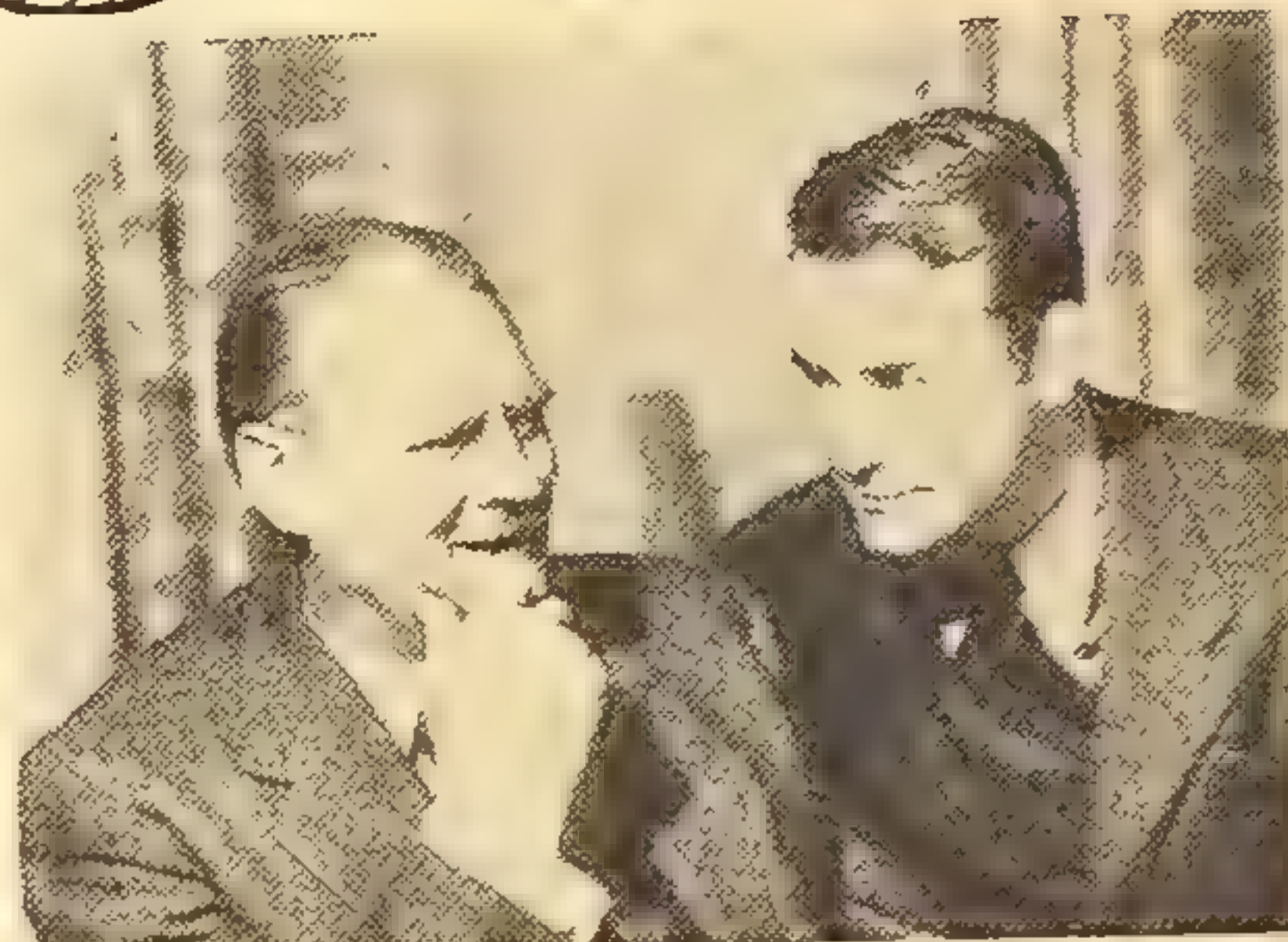


Christmas In July—Paramount
This story is made appealing by the simple manner in which it is told. It's a light-hearted comedy which you'll find entertaining. Dick Powell gives a sparkling performance as the winner of a \$25,000 contest prize, who goes on a spending spree, buys everybody expensive gifts, and then hears he hasn't won the prize. But after the disappointment and some complications, he *does* win. Ellen Drew is charming as the girl. The slapstick injected could have been eliminated.



I'm Still Alive—RKO-Radio

A romantic comedy-drama about an ace movie stunt man, Kent Taylor, who marries a glamorous film star, Linda Hayes, who makes him give up his dangerous work in favor of being an actor. Because this picture is about stunt men who double for famous stars and risk their lives doing dare-devil feats, it has many thrills. Some of Hollywood's ace stunt men are in it. Story has its weak spots, but if you enjoy dare-deviltry, on screen you won't mind.



Dr. Kildare Goes Home—M-G-M

Another good one in the "Kildare" series, and Lionel Barrymore again seems to live the rôle of old *Dr. Gillespie*, who is interested in young *Dr. Kildare's* career. Barrymore speaks his lines, sarcastically humorous most of the time, in that charming manner of his; Lew Ayres once more does a fine job as *Kildare*; and *Nurse Lamont* is again well done by Laraine Day. This one's about *Dr. Kildare's* experiences in establishing a clinic.



Young Bill Hickok—Republic

Here's an exciting Western about a fictional episode in the life of *Bill Hickok*, whose daring exploits won for him the name of "Wild Bill." The action, of which there's plenty, takes place during the Civil War. Roy Rogers, as *Bill*, stops agents of foreign powers from gaining possession of California's riches by his fast-riding and hard-fighting, and when it's peaceful, finds time to romance and sing. "Gabby" Hayes helps Rogers capture the villains.

IN THE GREAT
TRADITION OF
HIGH ROMANCE
**THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO**
1934
and now
**THE SON OF
MONTE CRISTO**
1940



A coach hurtles through the night, its frightened coachman lashing his horses' lathered flanks. Jeweled fingers touch the curtain of a window. A beautiful face peers into the threatening night.

The gallop of pursuing hoofs. The sound of shots. The iron tyrant's iron men are closer, closer. The crash of wood on wood as the coach of Her Highness Zona smashes against a tall tree . . . Is her cause lost? Is the cause of romance, of love again to lose to the mad might of ruthless power . . .

No . . . the Son of Monte Cristo . . . gallant son of a gallant father . . . leaps from his saddle, takes the lovely lady in his arms . . . and the fight is on . . . the spirit, the glory of the grandest story of all romance lives again.



Edward Small, producer of such thrilling romances as "The Man in the Iron Mask" brings in glowing, thrilling splendor to the screen, the sequel to his famous screenplay, "The Count of Monte Cristo," *the even grander romantic adventure . . .*

Edward Small presents

LOUIS

JOAN

HAYWARD • BENNETT

in

"THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"

with

GEORGE SANDERS

FLORENCE BATES

MONTAGU LOVE

Screenplay by George Bruce • Directed by Rowland V. Lee • A Rowland V. Lee Production

Released thru United Artists



WHAT A DIFFERENCE *Brilliance* MAKES IN YOUR HAIR

★YOU will never know how attractive your hair can look until you rinse those beautiful highlights into it with Nestle Colorinse. As many have discovered, Romance begins with gleaming, lustrous hair. Not a bleach, not an ordinary dye. Nestle Colorinse leaves your hair soft and manageable, tends to keep your curl in longer. Comes in 14 flattering shades. ★ Choose your own color from the Nestle Color Chart at beauty counters. Make your hair look brighter and more entrancing with Nestle Colorinse.

10c for package
of 2 rinses at
10c stores.

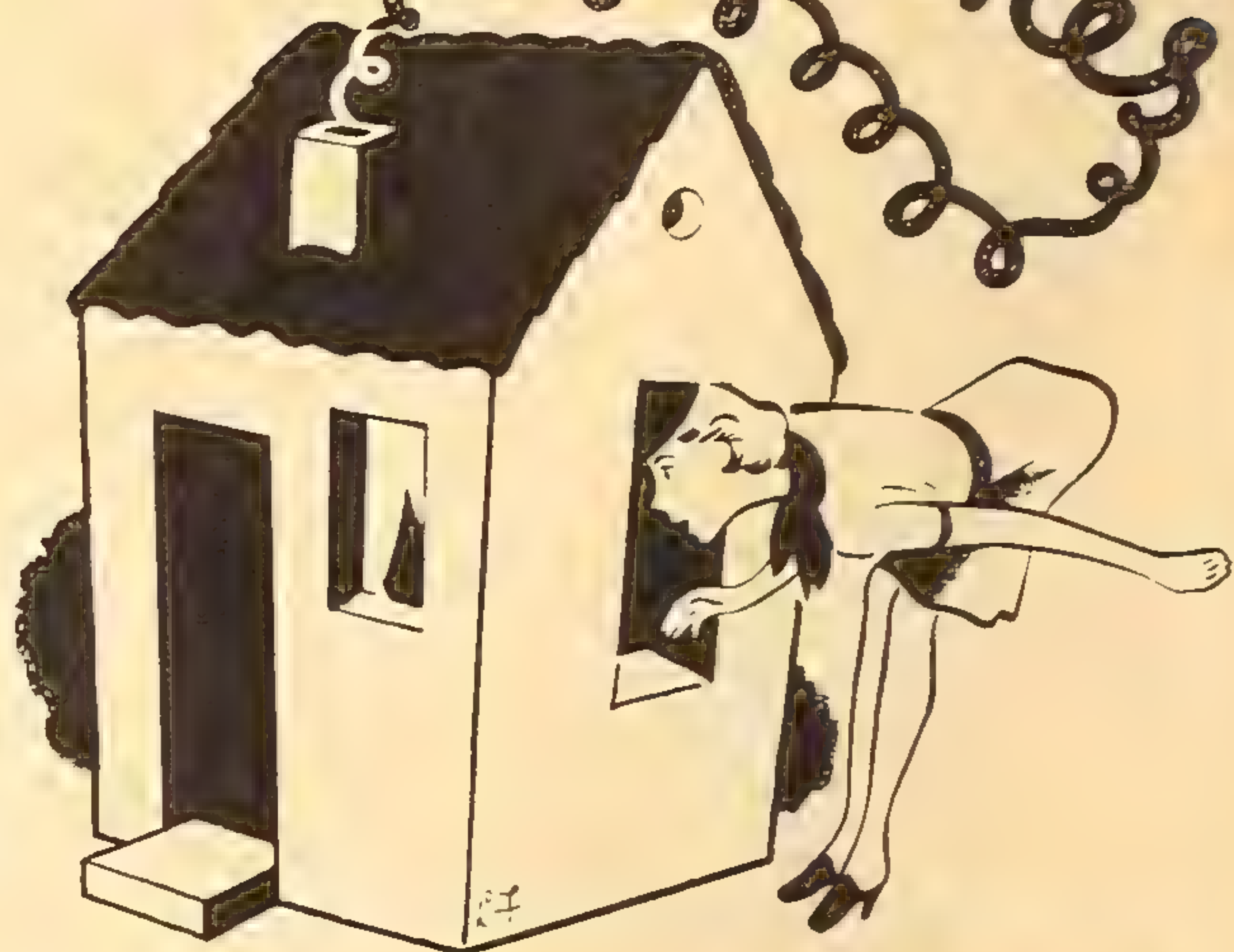


25c
for five rinses
at drug and
department stores.

By
Betty
Boone

Inside the Stars' Homes

Something different
for your holiday din-
ner, suggested by the
lovely Linda Darnell



IF YOU should be invited to Linda Darnell's for dinner during these coming holidays, you wouldn't get the usual turkey and fixin's. There'd be no cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes, no plum pudding and mince pie.

"Of all the food in the world, Mother's fried chicken tops everything for me," confessed Linda, wistfully, "but at this time of year I think everyone has too much chicken and turkey. They like something new. So this year Caroline—my cook—and I drew up a 'different' menu."

Caroline is something special in the way of cooks and most of the dishes included are her own secret recipes.

MENU:

Fruit cocktail
Olives, celery, radishes, onions
Asparagus salad





Tenderloin of pork larded with prunes
Pan potatoes Succotash
Drop biscuits
Hawaiian sherbet
Coffee Mints

For her cocktail, Caroline uses grapefruit sections, seedless grapes, bananas, apples, fresh pineapple and sometimes the juice of

an orange, if other fruit juice is not sufficient to cover the cut up fruit. She lets it all stand in the ice-box for eight hours before using, then serves in iced compote dishes with a large grape on top of each compote, frosted in powdered sugar. A sprig of mint is added to each cup, also frosted.

The salad is made in star molds, most
(Continued on page 94)

Hollywood's most gorgeous starlet, little Linda lives with her family, finds her best fun at home with her mother, sister and little brother—and her father and the two other children will come from Texas to join them for the holidays. Facing page, Linda serves the very special Hawaiian pineapple sherbet, recipe for which is given here. Above, more home views.

VIVACIOUS PEGGY WRIGHT, MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE SENIOR, SAYS:

Men want You to have
that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

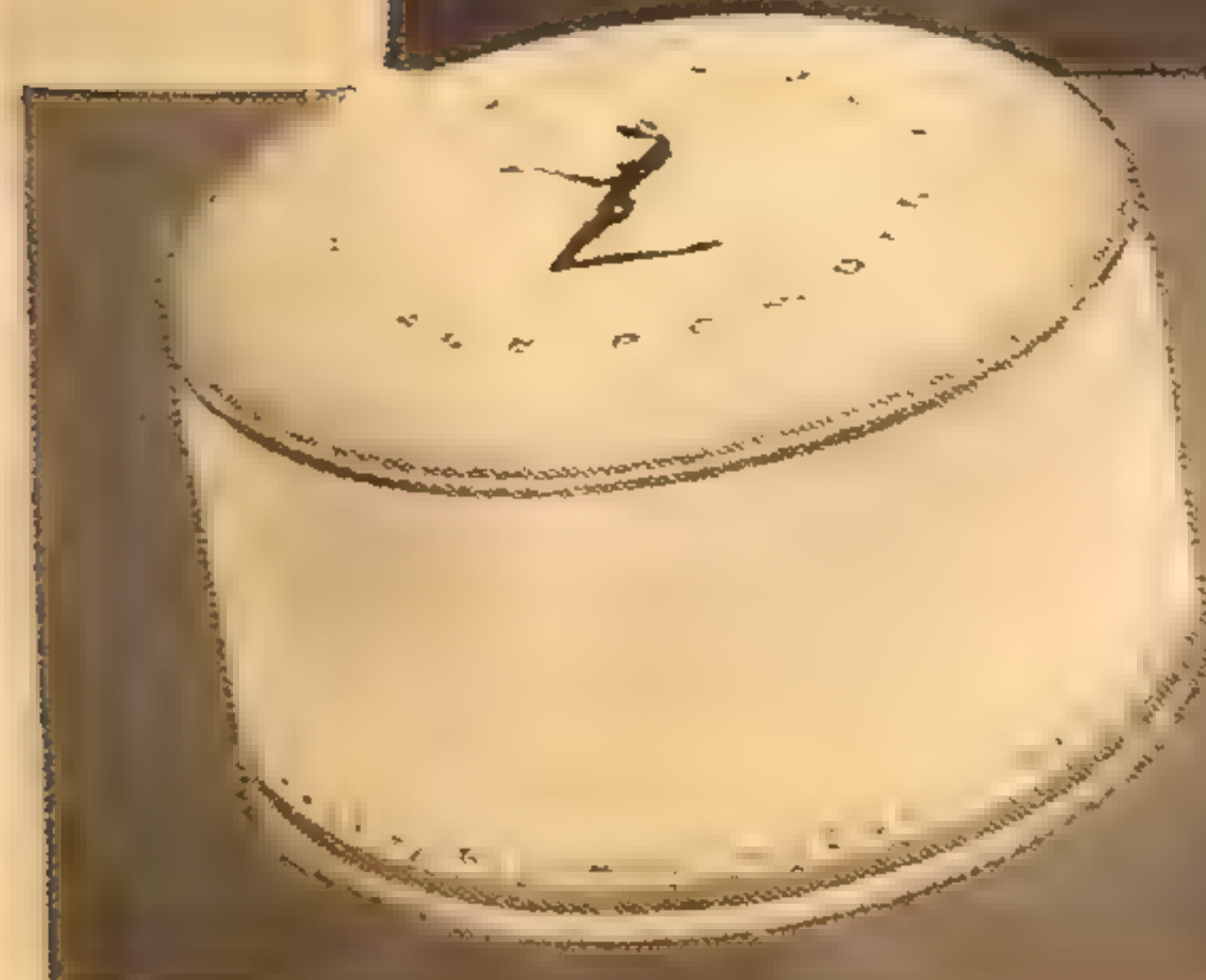
Ask any man, and he'll tell you! There is nothing so lovely as the *natural* charm of gay young "collegiennes"! And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder—the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that glorify the beauty of your own skin tones . . . give you that modern *natural* look that men adore!

So whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's easy now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you! Just ask for Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the powder that's keyed to the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly this fine-textured powder goes on—how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And see how it ends powder-puff dabbing for hours! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)




HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
FACE POWDER
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

Good only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where legally prohibited. S.U. 100



TYRONE POWER

Exciting as never before . . . in the
most famous of all screen roles!

THE MARK OF **ZORRO**

with
**LINDA
DARNELL**
and
BASIL RATHBONE

GALE SONDERGAARD • EUGENE
PALLETTE • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
ROBERT LOWERY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN
MONTAGU LOVE • JANET BEECHER

Associate Producer RAYMOND GRIFFITH • Directed by
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN • Screen Play by John Taintor
Foote • Adaptation by Garrett Fort • Based on the story
"The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

*A masked adventurer . . .
the jagged mark of his
sword striking terror
into every heart but hers!*

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Oscar Levant

"Laughing Boy" Levant, right, with Crooner Crosby. Lower right, with Kieran, Adams, and Osa Johnson on "Information, Please."



DEAR SOURPUSS:

Take off that mask, we know you. You're no petulant Pan at all, just a spoiled small boy who wants to have his lollypop and suck it too. Yes, you had us fooled at first—but don't forget the movie public knows a phony when it sees one, and while we welcomed you with open arms in your first feature film, "Rhythm on the River," because you were a novelty, you'll have to make good in your next one, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," on more than mere insolence.

When I saw "Rhythm" at Broadway's Paramount Theatre I noticed it was more your picture than Bing's or Mary Martin's. We the people relished your impertinence and appreciated your clever pantics. So it seemed my editorial duty to send star reporter Ida Zeitlin to interview you. Miss Zeitlin has interviewed H. G. Wells, Louis Bromfield, Clifton Fadiman, F.P.A., John Kieran, Joe Pasternak—a long list of names which won't impress you, I know, because you're not impressed by any name, except your own. But when Miss Z. called you for an appointment, you said: "How long will it take?" "Just a half hour," she said. "Well," hemming and hawing, "I wish I didn't have

to do it." "You don't," said Miss Z. "Goodbye."

No—you don't have to be a public character, Mr. Levant. You don't have to write books, appear on "Information, Please," or make movies. But with proper persuasion you can be coaxed to. With proper persuasion, I suppose, you might condescend to give a half hour of your time to further the cause of your own career. But people get tired of tantrums and temperament. They may accept the aloof pose of Garbo but she's prettier than you are. Bing Crosby, whom I believe you admire and respect, doesn't care about publicity either—but then he doesn't need it. You do. Your reputation was founded on publicity. But now it's plain you have to be coaxed and coddled into taking the nasty, horrid stuff. Well, you don't have to take it. And we don't have to take you, either. Goodbye, Mr. Levant.

Delight Evans



HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

"Your wrap, m'love!" handsome Vaughn Paul seems to be saying to the girl of his heart, Deanna Durbin, as the youngsters, together as always, attended preview of Deanna's picture, "Spring Parade." Now that he is an associate producer, we may hear betrothal bells soon.



Don Ameche and his devoted wife, "Honey," have a wonderful time whether they're dining formally at Ciro's, comfortably at home, or informally at the Hollywood Brown Derby as they're doing here. When Don wants to step, Honey steps right along with him—the perfect wife in Hollywood or anywhere else.



Come, come, Alan Curtis! It's no secret and you know it—you and beautiful Ilona Massey are to be married just as soon as Priscilla Lawson Curtis' divorce decree is final. And we're letting you tell our readers all about it in a swell, exclusive story in a future issue. Watch out for this real love story, folks!

It's a grand, gay life and you'll never catch them weakening, these dynamic darlings of the galloping gelatines. Whether at work or at play, they are always having fun

Photographs by Len Weissman



Keeping up with Franchot Tone's dates is a full-time job for any photographer. Now that Franchot is back in Hollywood to resume his movie career, he has dated such famous girls as Olivia de Havilland—but this picture shows him with a charming but, to us, unknown beauty.



Herbert Marshall, known to all his British friends in Hollywood as "Bart," certainly took a new lease on life when he took his new wife, the former Lee Russell. Marshall's screen career, too, has stepped up—and so he and Lee are stepping out these days; this time they're dining at smart Ciro's.



Now don't go jumping at conclusions! Although Merle Oberon is apparently gazing at Producer Darryl Zanuck with flattering attention—on her other side is her husband, Producer Alexander Korda, and on Mr. Z.'s right is the extremely chic and charming Mrs. Zanuck, both out of the camera's range.



Cutest picture of the month, above, shows Joel McCrea and wife Frances Dee holding hands at première of Joel's best movie, "Foreign Correspondent"—after all those years of married life, too!



Among Hollywood stars who turned out to see "Ice Follies" was Jane Withers, looking so grown up with gardenias and all. Above, Jane meets the star of the show, Roy Shipstad, at Pan Pacific Auditorium.

Below, star-studded group at the "Ice Follies": Irene Dunne, in ermine, and hubby Dr. Griffin congratulate skaters Bess Erhardt, Roy Shipstad, and Evelyn Chandler, after one of their spectacular numbers.



Ronald Reagan and Mrs. Reagan—Jane Wyman—whose blessed event is scheduled soon, are great fans of the Shipstad skating show, so are thrilled as kids when the handsome Roy joins them at the rink-side.



Little Judy Garland meets an idol of hers, Margaret Sullivan, at preview at Warners' Hollywood Theatre. Maggie's husband, agent Leland Hayward, engineered Judy's new \$2,000 a week contract with M-G-M.



Mary Martin and her young husband, Richard Halliday, are preview fans, and not only for Mary's pictures. You'll finally hear Miss Martin sing her famous HEART BELONGS TO DADDY song in her next film.



Bob Stack holds his nose, Mary Beth Hughes and Claire Windsor point with pride at dance contestants they're judging at the Pirate's Den. Alexander D'Arcy—Arleen Whelan's husband—in center.



The luck of the Irish! Pat O'Brien surrounded by pulchritude—his pretty wife Eloise, right, and their friend Binnie Barnes—at the wedding of Joe E. Brown's son at Beverly Hills Hotel.



BEGINNING

Judy

PART 1—MY PAST



THINK First Things are Best Things! Wasn't it Robert Louis Stevenson who said that first sunsets, first loves, all the things we see for the first time, all the first experiences we have, are *always* best? Anyway, *I* think so. I know I'll always remember, most clearly and deeply and forever, the first things that have happened to me in my first eighteen years. The things that have happened to me in my first (and only) "Past," you might say, since now that I am eighteen, I think I can be said to have a Past. So, I got to thinking that maybe I'd write my first Life Story my own self, in my own way. My "own way" probably won't be the Proper Way, at all. The Proper Way to write an Autobiography, I mean. Because I'm just going to sort of talk out loud, or write out loud, to my mother, to my friends, to my fans. I'm just going to go on and on, sort of Revealing to them all the Im-



Garland's

Decorations by Leonard Frank

GAY

Life Story

portant, First Things (important to me, that is) that have made up my Past.

Like, for instance, my first day on this earth, which is certainly the *first*, First Thing! Well, Mom, as you may remember, my first day on this earth was the day of June 10, 1922—(I seem to remember that movie girls don't give the year of their birth—oh, well!)—and you may also recollect, Mom, that I first opened my eyes in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. You've got it down in my baby book that I weighed eight pounds when I was born and that my eyes were blue at birth and started to turn to brown when I was about five months old. You've also confessed to *(Please turn to page 75)*

From babyhood, through early vaudeville days as one of the 3 "Gumm Sisters," to first films with Deanna Durbin, Buddy Ebsen, Mickey Rooney—to today, far right, her 18th birthday with her beloved "Mom" and her boss, Mr. Mayer, helping her celebrate—Judy tells her own story for the first time.

BY *Judy Garland*
as told to Gladys Hall



By
Charles Lancaster

For the first
time, Bill Pow-
ell talks frankly
and freely
about his gay
May-December
marriage to
Diana Lewis

Len
Weissman

"I
**Married
My
Ambition:**

—YOUTH!
WILLIAM POWELL

MAYBE it was the two frolicsome puppies, Rough and Tumble, frisking in the sunlit patio that gave the whole set-up its youthful spirit—or perhaps it was the blithesome young bride popping out for the moment and then whisking off on a household shopping chore—then again, it may have been sunburned William Powell himself, in open-chested singlet, old slacks and sockless sneakers, enjoying his twelve weeks' vacation like a kid out of school, just William turned Bill for the duration. Kicking free a bare foot, he followed my glance to the pool, green as the garden itself, that somehow recalled the old swimming hole of boyhood days, and nodded his head in agreement with the unspoken thought.

"I can't keep out of it when others go in the pool," he admitted. "Swimming is one form of exercise that I like. That's the way it is with badminton—when a game's on, I find myself joining the players. I kind of like to do things I've had some success at. That's why I don't persevere at golf." Happily, his sense of humor, one of the best in the business, was in holiday mood. All it needed was plenty of fresh air, and that's what it was getting. "Possibly I'm making up for lost time," was his

comfortable reflection. "Looking back at my youthful days in New York, I seem to have passed most of my time in the subway. When going to dramatic school I first lived in Mt. Vernon, couldn't afford to live any closer than that to the city. My roommate and I had to manage on twelve dollars a week. If we couldn't make actors of ourselves on that allowance we were sunk. We finally moved to 250th Street, then to 197th Street, and felt truly metropolitan. After months of intensive training, we would have made a couple of good subway guards."

As he drowned his undercover past in tomato juice, it seemed the going must have been hard as it was long. "Not at all," was his cheerful view. "We even made nightly trips downtown. Those were undertaken solely in the interests of art, or so we fondly imagined. They were prompted by our endeavors in the life-study class of the dramatic school. We were supposed to observe life in various aspects, then translate it into dramatic terms. Our own individual points of observation ranged from Reisenweber's on Columbus (*Please turn to page 86*)

Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, on page opposite, face censure by saying: we're the ones who did the marrying, so why should others worry? Below, the young Diana. Lower right, when William Powell and Jean Harlow co-starred in "Reckless."





"THE MARK OF

THE California Cockerel they had called him in Spain, the man who rode as if his mount had winged feet, the man who made his sword become a living thing in his hand. And there were none among his comrades in Madrid, be they soldier or gallant, who felt they had won even the pin feathers of glory until they had challenged young Diego Vega to an exchange of swords. He had had that gift with the sword even in his boyhood days in California where Fray Felipe, the priest with the courage of a soldier, had first taught him the art of fencing. But in the mother country he had (*Please turn to page 70*)

These picturesque scenes from the film show Tyra Power and Linda Darnell, its stars, and Basil Rathbone and other prominent players of the cast.



Decorations by
Leonard Frank



**Colorful Fiction Ver-
sion of Romantic and
Adventurous New Film
Starring Tyrone Power
and Linda Darnell**

**FICTIONIZED BY
Elizabeth B.
Petersen**



*Fictionized from the
Twentieth Century-Fox
production, based on the
story by Johnston Mc-
Culley. Copyright 1940
by Twentieth Century-
Fox Film Corporation.
Complete cast and
credits on page 70.*

ORRO



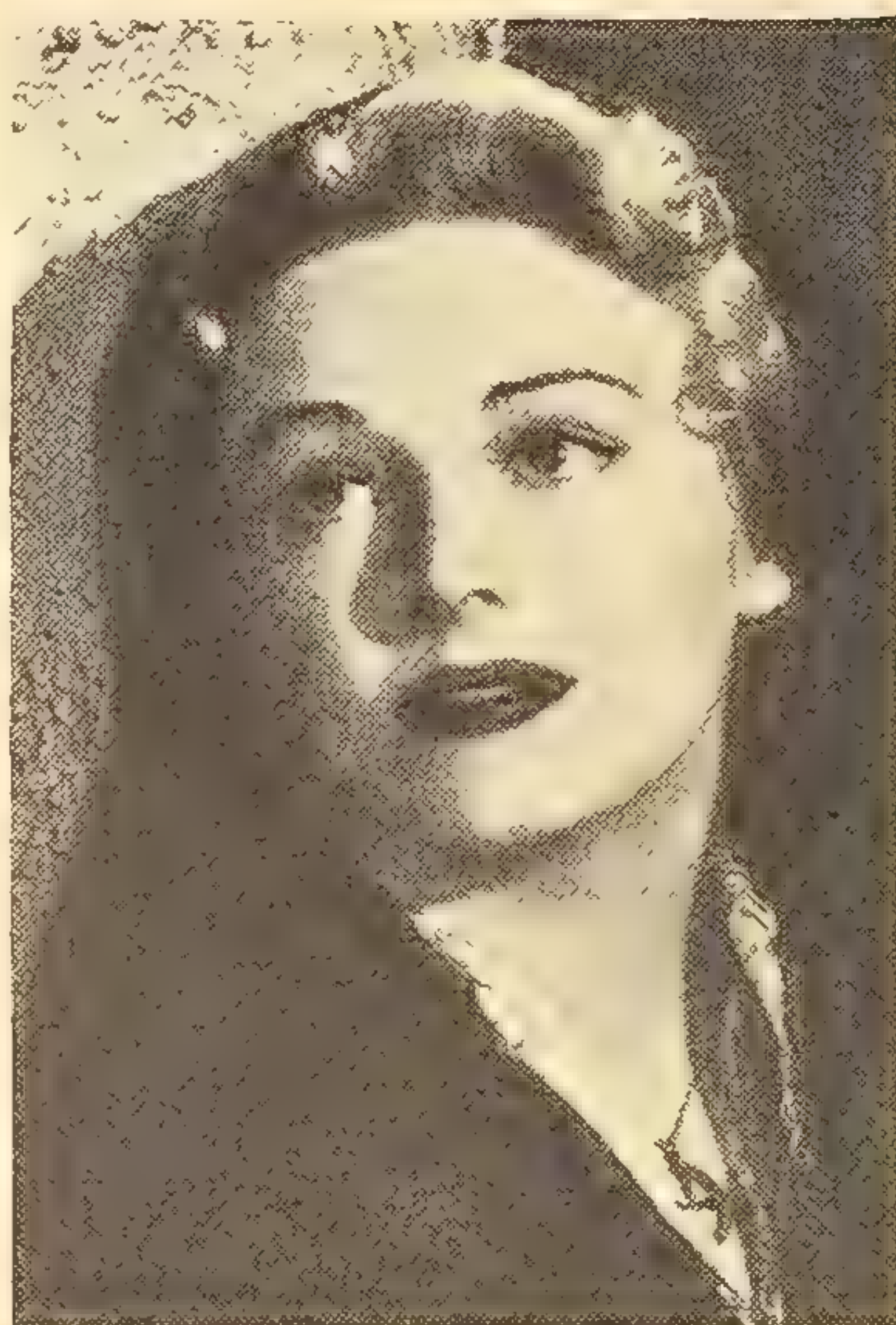
'I'll Settle for

WONDER how many of us can *honestly* say what it is we want most out of life! I am sure that if we could only know this, there would be a far greater number of us on the road to true happiness and contentment than there are at present.

In my own case, I can say that this truth has been vividly brought home to me during recent months as never before in my life. I have discovered how easy it is to go on year after year worshipping false gods. Things which I had previously thought were of vital importance, I have found to be superficialities. Above everything else, I have come to learn the true value of a great love. It all depends, of course, on what the word happiness means to each of us individually, but if we women could only cut through the driftwood of false values—I am leaving the men out of this for the moment—if we could look into the mirror and face ourselves squarely, probing the depths of our secret heart, then I venture to say that 90% of all women would settle for love!

I know I will! I thought for years that I knew what I wanted—a successful career, money, the plaudits of others—all the things that are generally accepted as being the rightful ambition of a girl in my position; but all these, important though they might be, I now realize have become secondary in my scheme of things.

Making pictures is a fine job to be done well, and is important in that it provides entertainment and pleasure



Frank confession of this famous beauty proves that even world fame and fortune fail to satisfy those desires that dominate the heart of every real woman

**As Told to
Elizabeth
Wilson**

The world's most famous blonde beauty, Madeleine Carroll, has enjoyed such adulation and acclaim as have come to few other women of our time. Yet—she'd leave it all for love! Read her own poignant reasons. Typical of the tender love scenes enacted on the screen by Miss Carroll is that at left, with Gary Cooper in "North West Mounted Police."



to millions of people, but it is not in itself a complete satisfaction or fulfillment. Women were meant to be loved first, and everything else—career, great success, or fame—is subordinate to this. There may be many to cast their doubts. I was one who pooh-poohed this once, too, but now I know better!

My world has changed completely since my last two visits to war-torn Europe. One has to witness the indescribable agony and abject misery of some of these people across the water in order to realize the extent to which one's outlook on life can be changed.

I was aboard the French liner Champlain last fall when war was declared. I found myself among people whose lives were being torn about by tragedy. There was a nineteen-year-old girl aboard the boat who had just left her husband in Vienna. They had been married only a few months. This girl would probably never see her husband again. She was expecting a child and she had de-

Love!"

Madeline Farnelle



cided to come to America so that her child should have a chance. It was the only place where she would be certain of being safe. I don't know what it was about this girl—she was luckier than most, but I listened to her story and for the first time in my life I wanted a baby. It suddenly dawned on me how very hollow and unreal success could be in comparison with the joy that came to this girl's heart, in spite of all her suffering, and how even fame and fortune should not veer us from our true purpose in life.

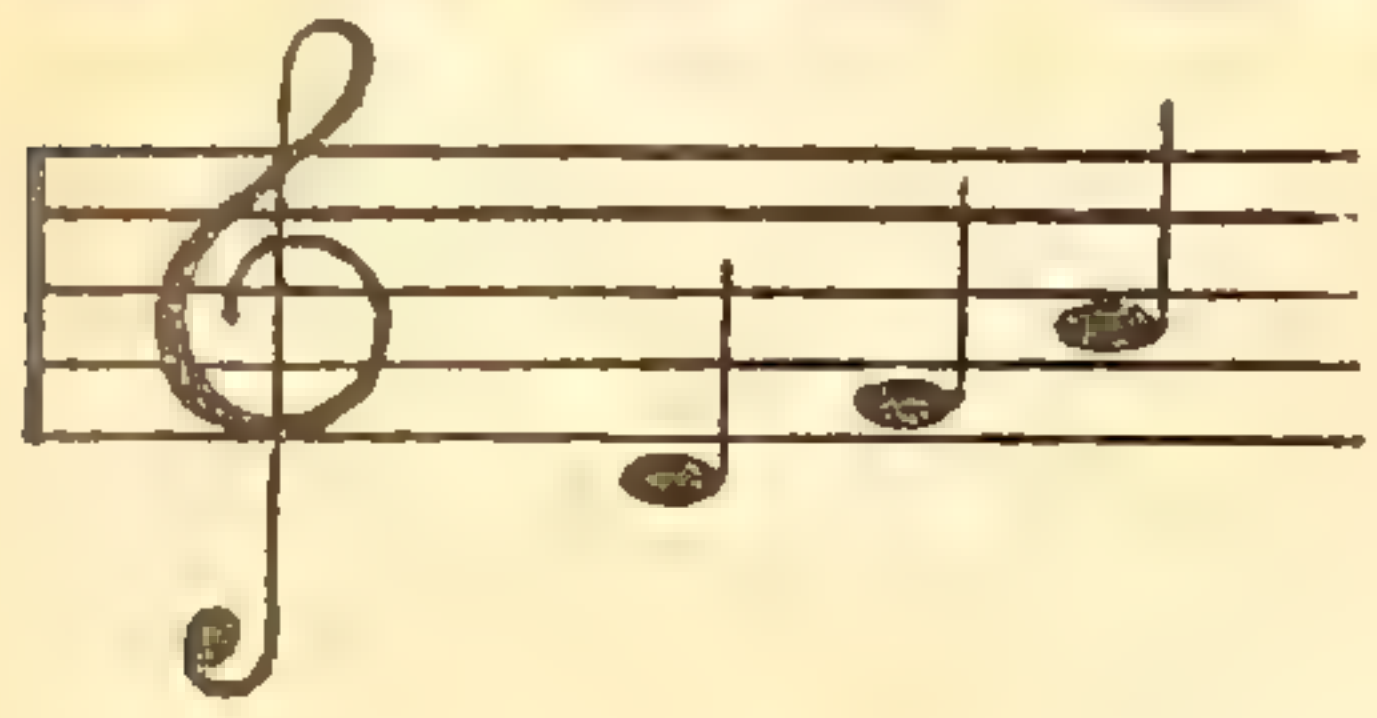
Only a short time before sailing on the Champlain I had met and become very fond of a young captain in the French air service. But our time together was all too short. He had to return to duty and I had my picture commitments in Hollywood. I promised to return to France as soon as my work would permit. When I did eventually return in May, it was to find my young captain's country in the hands of the enemy.

Although I was willing to suffer any hardship if called upon to do so, I realized that if I stayed in Europe I would be helpless to be of any use to my loved ones, or to any of the teeming thousands of victims of the war-ravaged territory. In America, on the contrary, I had a rare and gifted opportunity to work and earn money to help their suffering. I think that this is something we should all try to realize—that we are the fortunate ones over here in America, so far removed from the threat of death and destruction which is the lot of so many countries, and that we should consider ourselves lucky when we find we can be of any help.

I was no longer able to do any good where I was. The chateau just outside Paris, in which I had been able to take care of two hundred orphaned children, was now in German hands, and I had no means of telling what had become of it or them.

As it was, when war was (Please turn to page 88)

Mrs. Ameche Talks



This is the monogram of Don's initials, D. F. A., as notes on a musical scale, designed by Mrs. Ameche.

HER name is Honoré, but Don Ameche calls his wife Honey! All the charm of his warm baritone voice that has won him fame in radio and on the screen, is wrapped around those two syllables. Just hearing Don speak her name reveals a great deal about him. And about their marriage. The Ameches never flaunt their marital happiness, yet it is one of Hollywood's finest examples, and never has a breath of gossip touched it.

One sunny afternoon recently, Mrs. Ameche and I sat on the terrace opening off the play-room of their new home in San Fernando Valley. Before us lay sloping gardens against a back curtain of wooded mountains, and the air was heavy with fragrance. It was an ideal setting for confidences. Though she had just returned from the hospital following the birth of their fourth son, she looked like a schoolgirl in pale blue slacks, her red-



And All About Their

Don and Honoré Ameche—he still calls her "Honey" after eight years of marriage. At right, the swimming pool where Don and three of his sons—the fourth is still a baby—spend their Sunday afternoons. Below, the living room with its colorful chintzes and comfortable sofas. Every room in the spacious house is bright and cheerful.



About

D O N

To Maude Cheatham



dish-gold hair tied with a perky bow, and relaxing like a kitten in the big chair.

Honey laughed at my questions regarding their marriage, saying, "We have no rules, no formulas, and—we have no problems. We live our own lives and are happy. It isn't anything you can put into words. It's something that just *is*! To begin with, Don is the most interesting man I ever knew." Then she added, with a laugh, "And I say this after nearly eight years together, for we were married the day after Thanksgiving in 1932.

"He's so vital, so dynamic that he makes even the smallest event important. This comes from an inner enthusiasm, a fire that never seems to lose its glow. Too, he spells excitement—the element of the unexpected. I never know what Don will say, or what he will do when he comes in, and so every entrance (*Please turn to page 74*)

Beautiful New Home

At left, view of the Don Ameche house in the San Fernando Valley. The entire second floor belongs exclusively to Don and Honoré, the first floor to their four sons. Left below, Don's den, which he designed himself. Below, Mrs. Ameche's one hobby—her collection of fine Dresden porcelains. The lamp base was made out of a Dresden cookie jar.





Y-A-H
Y-A-H!

← She's
Teacher's
Pet

Why did ace director
Capra pass up Bette
Davis and pick Stanwyck
for his big new picture?
Read just why Barbara
is the directors' delight

Here's
Teacher
(Frank C)

RECENTLY Barbara Stanwyck had a birthday. She was working on the set of "Meet John Doe" that day, and all morning long there was considerable giggling among the girls and mysterious whispering among the men, all of which, of course, Barbara pretended not to notice. Along came four o'clock, and along with it came a huge birthday cake with candles. Gary Cooper woke up, everybody shouted, "Aren't you surprised?" and started singing *Happy Birthday to You*

off-key. Barbara pretended to be *ever* so surprised, said "How did you know it was my birthday?" (just as if it wasn't in the morning papers), and cut everybody a slice of cake.

It was all in the quaint tradition of Hollywood birthdays, until Frank Capra, the producer and director of "Meet John Doe," came over to Barbara and gave her a present. It was a print of "Ladies of Leisure." Barbara's hand shook when she accepted it, she sort of choked in her throat, and a couple of big salty tears almost wrecked her make-up. "Ladies of Leisure"—what memories that film must recall for both Barbara and Capra. Directed some nine years ago by Frank Capra it was the picture that established him as one of Hollywood's leading directors. Before that people had said, "Oh, he's all right, but he isn't big time." It was also the picture that established Barbara Stanwyck as one of Hollywood's leading dramatic actresses. Well-known on Broadway because of her heart-breaking characterization of the girl in "Burlesque," Barbara arrived in Hollywood at the time when Hollywood loathed with a beautiful and intense loathing all out- (Please turn to page 79)

One of Hollywood's best stories is told here. Scene below from old Capra film, "Ladies of Leisure," showing Stanwyck and Ralph Graves, recalls that the director gave Barbara her first big chance in Hollywood. Left, the same Stanwyck as the happy heroine—who's just floored Gary Cooper—of Capra's latest and biggest picture, "Meet John Doe."



LUPINO! Genius or Screwball?

Ida was aptly nicknamed "Loopy" when she first came to Hollywood. But now—they're calling her a great actress

By
S. R.
Mook



After a crazy and colorful career, beginning as a blonde cutie—see lower left—Ida Lupino has tamed her talents until she emerges as a really fine actress—see scene above with Humphrey Bogart from her latest film, "High Sierra."



"YOU know," Ida Lupino said to me recently, "there is an old Hollywood saying that an actress is only as good as her last picture. That's a lot of hoey! You'll pardon me if I inform you that an actress is only as good as her box-office rating. Look at all that's happened to me—and I have about as much box-office as an unborn baby. Look at me!" she repeated.

I looked. And, although I liked what I saw, I gasped. This wasn't the Lupino I knew of old—the Lupino of nine or ten years ago. Ida had arrived in Hollywood with a Paramount contract—the result of a test she'd made for "Alice in Wonderland"—a part she never got. "She's beautiful!" I had murmured then to the gent from the publicity department who had proudly shown me Ida. "She's squirrel food," my guide retorted.

Now, there's nothing I like better than a thoroughly nutty person, and when I came to know Ida my fondest hopes were realized. She was Hollywood's prize pecan. Only a grade-A nut could have pulled some of Ida's stunts. Like the time she took exception to something the husband of her closest friend said, rushed into the kitchen, got a butcher knife, chased him out of the house and threatened to kill him if he ever came back. And meant it!

Life in those days was never dull around "Loopy," as she was fittingly called by her friends. Just after her entrance to Hollywood she gave a large party. When the guests arrived there was no sign of her. The party was almost over when Ida was discovered upstairs—asleep. It didn't seem strange to Loopy, and her explanation was quite (*Please turn to page 92*)

CHEERS FOR CARY GRANT

once Archie Leach, obscure stage actor. Now Cary Grant, most-demand hero in Hollywood! Currently appearing opposite Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story," film version of Harry's stage success



SISTER
ACT!



Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.

Ho
sig

"Pat" ON ICE!



Shy little "Pat" (Princess to you) Lane's no longer in love; she's resigned romance to devote all her time to her career—sad news for hopeful swains, but swell tidings for her small army of faithful fans, who are flocking to see Pat, and her sisters, Rosemary and Lola, in "Four Mothers."



Hu
Warne

Love: ROMANTIC!

Ann Sheridan and George Brent; sultry in the sublime manner for their first co-starring picture, "Honeymoon for Three"

Love: RIDICULOUS!

Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas, teamed for the first time in "Third Finger, Left Hand," a frankly wacky comedy



nce Bull,
M-G-M

LANA IS GAY AGAIN

The terrific Turner gal is gay in new plaid, gay in her hopes for her film future. Now that she's no longer Mrs. Artie Shaw she is concentrating on being a success in her forthcoming film, "Ziegfeld Girl."



GEORGE AND "JOCK"

Like the good Irishman he is, George Murphy is glad to be playing in "Little Nellie Kelly" with Judy Garland; but he's prouder still of the pet you see with him here, his Scotch collie by the name of Jock MacLean.



Fashion Date with

She's a lovely young lady now, is Deanna, and so she dresses her new grown-up rôle with charm and dignity, and distinction. Left, her steel-grey velvet afternoon dress, which she tops with a spiral-crown black felt hat draped in spider-web veiling. Below, her tailored Persian lamb jacket in nut brown, her matching fur hat with brilliant red feather trim. At lower left, her two-piece suit of sage-green wool, trimmed with mink, has hand-tailored slash pockets. Matching green suede forms her fan-flared pompadour beret and gloves.



Exclusive fashion photographs by Ray Jones, Universal Pictures. Deanna Durbin is seen on the screen in "Spring Parade."

Deanna Durbin

At right, a "casual" jacket of nutria is worn in the grand manner by Miss Durbin. Slot pockets, shrug shoulders and suede bow tie are new style notes. Her jaunty bell-hop hat is worn high on the head, low over the eye. Below, her grey-leeked wool reefer, with notched lapel collar of grey Persian lamb. Interesting details are the slash pockets, with inverted pleat accent. Lower right, Deanna's pet dinner gown, with delicate leaf tracery of silver threads on blush-pink satin. Designed by Vera West for Deanna Durbin's personal wardrobe.



DON'T LABEL HER "LADY"!

MARGARET LINSAY is living down too-Patrician title proving she can do genuine characterizations, such as her hun woman photographer "Meet the Wilde



DON'T CALL HIM "COWBOY"!

JOHN WAYNE achieves full stature as an actor of power and persuasion in John Ford's new film, "The Long Voyage Home," adapted from certain short plays by the great Eugene O'Neill.





20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Henry Fonda in "Chad Hanna"

Famous Evening in Paris Perfume, Talcum Powder, Face Powder and Rouge \$2.95

Evening in Paris Perfume, in purse flacon. With big, matching Eau de Cologne 95c

Evening in Paris Perfume with atomizer; Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Vanity \$4.00

Gifts that say you care



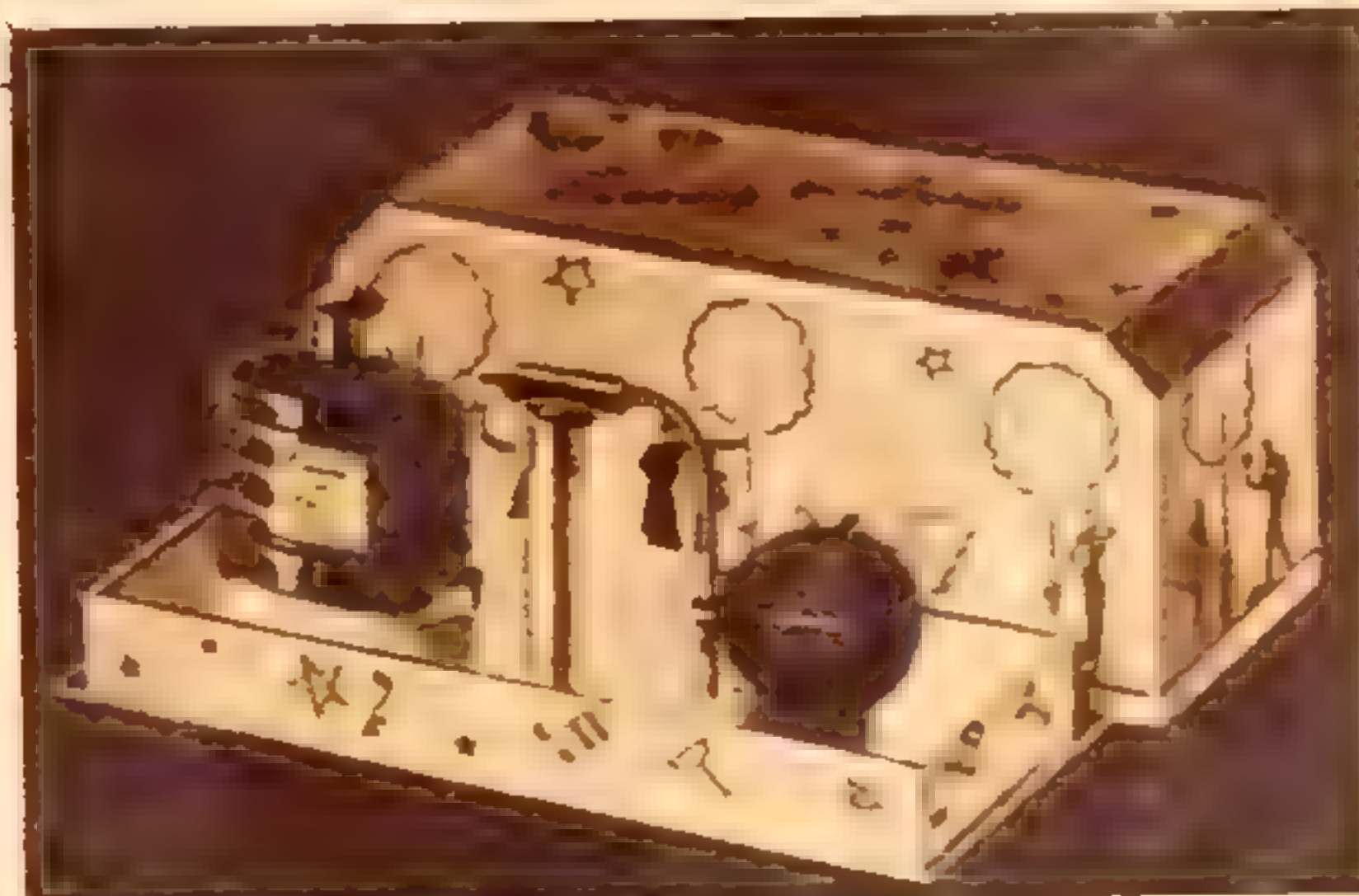
Generous Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, with atomizer. Matching, slide-top bottle of Talcum Powder. \$2.15



Evening in Paris Perfume in tasselled flacon for bag or boudoir; matching Eau de Cologne; large Face Powder \$2.45



Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, for bag or boudoir. Matching Eau de Cologne; fragrant Talcum \$1.50



Smart "flask-shaped" bottle of Evening in Paris Perfume; separate, distinctive blue and nickel atomizer \$1.75



"Non-spill" loose-powder Vanity, good mirror. Purse-size flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume \$1.85



Famous Evening in Paris Perfume, in star-shaped box \$1.10



De Luxe Set. Evening in Paris Perfume; Talcum Powder; Face Powder; Lipstick; Vanity \$5.00



Evening in Paris Triple Vanity \$2.95 Others, \$1.25 & \$2.00



"Twins." Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne Slide-top bottle of matching Talcum \$1.25

Evening in Paris

CREATED BY

BOURJOIS

DYNAMIC DISCOVERY!

Here's Stirling Hayden, young soldier of fortune and former he-man model, discovered by Director E. H. Griffith and given one of the three leading parts in "Virginia," with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. See our story on facing page for more about the boy.

"Virginia"



Above, Madeleine Carroll with co-star MacMurray and newcomer Stirling Hayden, between scenes. Right above, our fair reporter, native Virginian Ann Cottrell, with Fred and Director Ned Griffith. Circle, co-stars kidding. Top, authentic homestead provides genuine atmosphere.

What happened when Hollywood, from stars to props, invaded Virginia "on location"

By Ann Cottrell

"LET'S do a picture of socialite significance!" clever Producer-director Edward H. Griffith suggested one day in Hollywood to red-headed script writer Virginia Van Upp.

Hurriedly sketching his plans to the author of "Café Society" and "Honeymoon in Bali," Ned Griffith continued, "We'll make it on location—not on Long Island or at Newport, but in Virginia."

That's how Paramount's "Virginia" was born. Knowing his home State to be in the grip of a second invasion, Director Griffith was determined to do something about it. Avenge it if possible. This invasion, a far cry from Sherman's march to the sea or Europe's strafing

from the skies, is by "modern carpetbaggers" from the North. "Virginia" mildly attacks these twentieth-century Yanks who have imported their Southamptons to the Old Dominion.

Unconsciously these defenders of Virginia's culture and natural charm constituted somewhat of a benevolent third invasion when the troupe headed by Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray descended upon Charlottesville, Virginia, for a month's location. Charlottesville, the home of Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Patrick Henry, has been accustomed to celebrities for many a long year, but these movie people were an unpredictable type. The conserva- (Please turn to page 81)



Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"THE WESTERNER"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
EXCITING!

APPEAL: To every redblooded movie fan.

PLOT: Based on hectic, humorously blood-thirsty career of "Judge" Roy Bean who took the law west of the Pecos in his own hands—until he met his match in an upstanding young Westerner who knew Lily Langtry.

PRODUCTION: Shrewd producer Sam Goldwyn's showman touch evident throughout, with William Wyler's direction lending rare ironic flavor to rather familiar "Western" stuff. Photography is unusually fine, with Madame Nature in her most photogenic mood providing gorgeous backgrounds.

ACTING: It's Walter Brennan's picture for his rich, ribald characterization of the notorious *Judge Bean*—a particular triumph for this veteran actor, for Gary Cooper has never been better than he is here, pointing up his usual laconic performance with unaccustomed humor and gusto. You'll relish and remember their salty scenes together. Doris Davenport is sincere and sweet. Fred Stone is fine.

Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

"ARISE, MY LOVE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DIFFERENT!

APPEAL: To sophisticates, intellectuals, romanticists—everybody!

PLOT: Never a dull moment after girl reporter rescues American volunteer pilot from Spanish firing squad. Their reckless adventures, both robust and romantic, account for the excitement, charm, and humor of this unusual film.

PRODUCTION: Superlative, with Mitchell Leisen's deft direction imparting his own special enchantment to the action, from hazardous airplane escape to intimate tête-a-têtes at Maxim's. Nostalgia for the dear dead days of Paris is not allowed to obscure the timely message of hopeful Americanism.

ACTING: Whether it is Leisen's direction, or the appeal of his rôle, anyway Ray Milland finally gives that performance we've all been waiting for. He's splendid as the restless American flyer. Claudette Colbert has poignant moments but over-acts in lighter scenes. Cliff "double-talk" Nazarro will wow you.

Paramount

"CITY FOR CONQUEST"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
STRONG!

APPEAL: If you're a Cagney fan, and who isn't? P. S. All this, and Sheridan too.

PLOT: It's the turmoil, temptations, and triumphs of Manhattan, as encountered by a boy and a girl together—he's a prizefighter, she's a dancer—from the sidewalks to the neon lights. Melodrama, but laced with humor and compassion.

PRODUCTION: Good, in a tough and tangy fashion, in the stronger scenes which call for down-to-earth dance-halls and prize rings; not so believable when script calls for Carnegie Hall symphony concert—"original" symphony, written for this film, owes something to Gershwin, but not much.

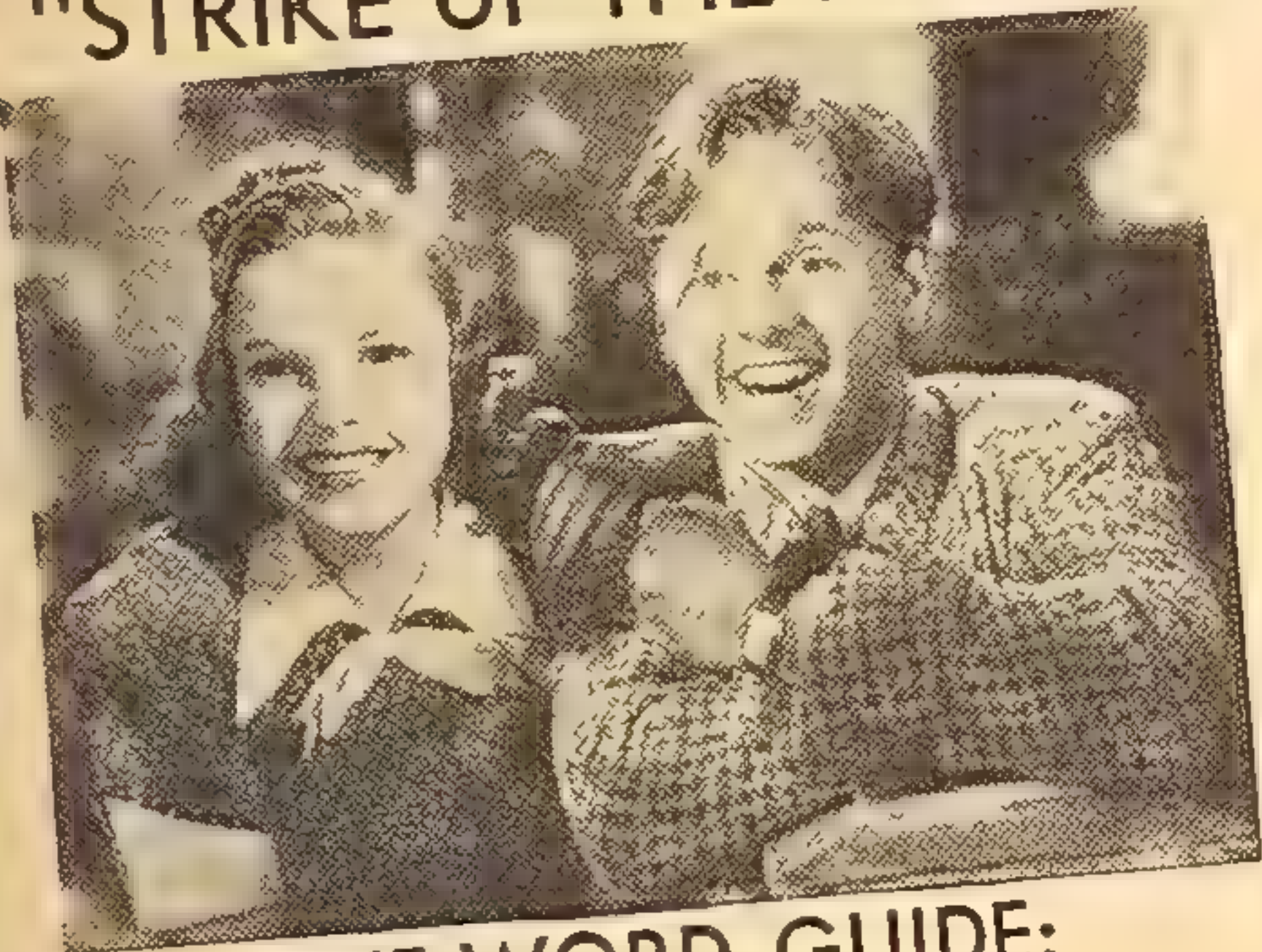
ACTING: Cagney has a chance to soften his usual tough-guy character with tenderness and understanding—blinded in a bout, the big-hearted bantam provides inspiring example of simple courage, while Ann Sheridan, as the girl whose ruthless ambition almost wrecks her, proves herself as a real actress. Elia Kazan, colorful.

Warner Bros.

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"STRIKE UP THE BAND"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN!

APPEAL: For small fry—and give your families a treat and take 'em along.

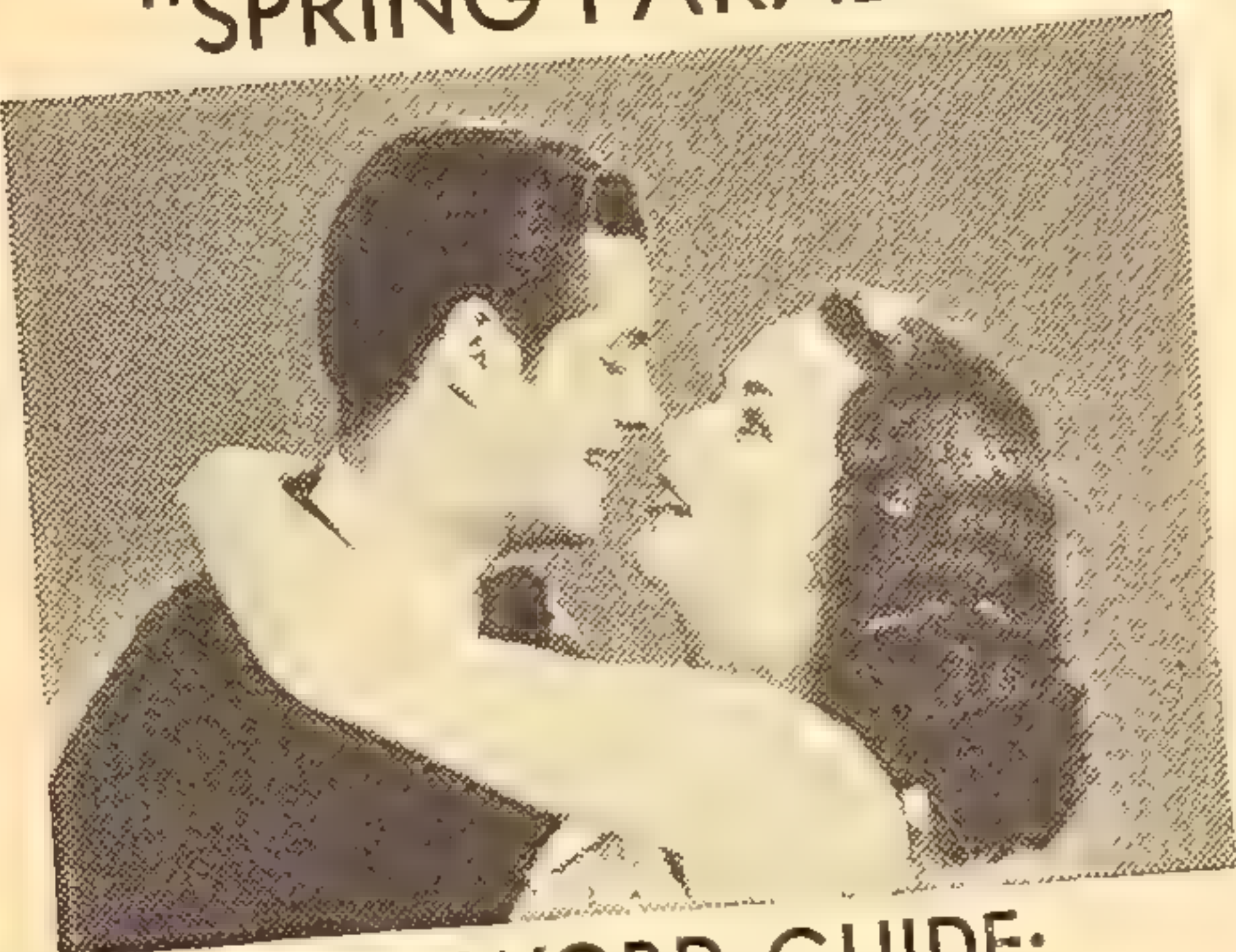
PLOT: It's "Babes in Arms" again, but bigger and better, with those high-school kids and their swing band putting on a show that's a super-doooper — winning a Paul Whiteman radio contest but never neglecting their duty to home and mother, making it safe and sane entertainment for everybody.

PRODUCTION: Wait until you see the big *La Conga* number — it's terrific, and it's only one of several big numbers which thanks to Busby Berkeley's smooth direction are more Hollywood than high-school stuff, but who cares? It's all grand entertainment, with a spontaneity which keeps it from offensive sophistication.

ACTING: Amazing Mickey Rooney struts, sings, plays the drums and tears your heart out in a touching scene with his screen mother to cinch the proof he's the most astounding showboy of all time. Judy Garland, growing into a beauty, is more appealing than ever. Larry Nunn best of cast.

M-G-M

"SPRING PARADE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DISAPPOINTING!

APPEAL: You Durbin devotees will gobble up this little bon-bon, but others may find it much too sweet.

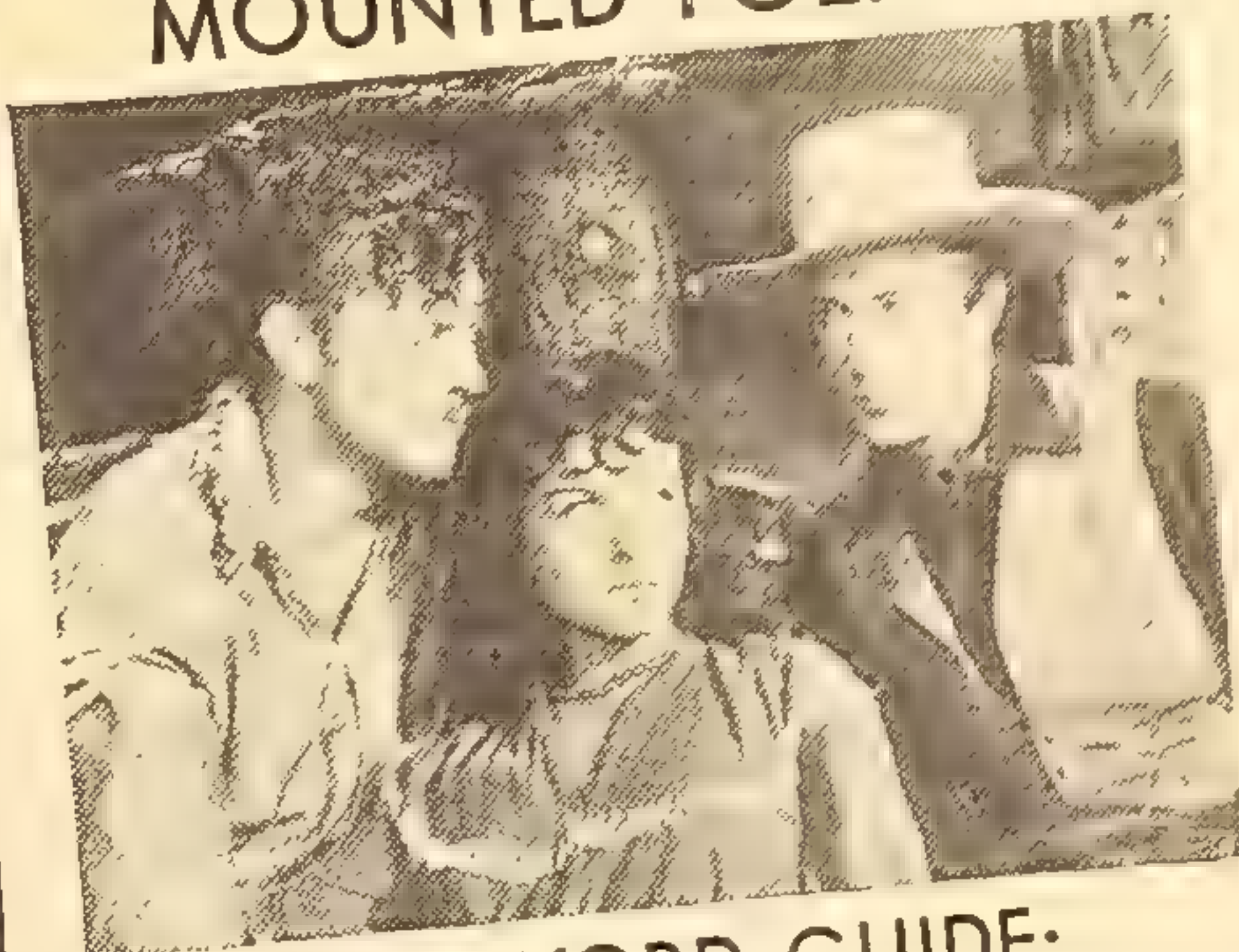
PLOT: Saccharine stuff about quaint old pre-War Vienna, so dated it's surprising astute producer Pasternak deemed it worthy of star Durbin. She plays country-girl Cinderella who journeys to Vienna where she meets her prince charming and sings for the emperor.

PRODUCTION: Lacks the charm and freshness of previous Durbin vehicles, for which trite story must be blamed, as the music is pleasant if unimportant, and the settings are pretty. However, whole effort must be considered first major mistake in the miraculous management of Durbin's career. She deserves only the best.

ACTING: Deanna soars above her second-rate material with such easy assurance that this is perhaps her greatest screen triumph—for the first time she carries the entire load of a picture upon her own shapely shoulders. Comedian Sakal helps some, Robert Cummings when he can in routine rôle.

Universal

"NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
EPIC!

APPEAL: To all who enjoy a whopping big show in the lavish DeMille manner.

PLOT: Saga of the Canadian red-coated police who get their men again—this time aided by a lanky interloper from Texas, drawl and all, who proves that all good man-hunters are not necessarily found north of the border.

PRODUCTION: It's Cecil B. DeMille at his best—all in technicolor, too—which means you can count on thrills, picturesque backgrounds, plenty of romance and at least one great, big fight. Director DeMille's pictures vary only in locale, never in character; his people are stock company heroes, heroines, and menaces; but never let it be said he fails to give an audience its money's worth.

ACTING: Gary Cooper and Preston Foster share first honors as rivals in the man-and-woman hunt, with Gary getting the man while Preston gets the woman, Madeleine Carroll—so lovely in Technicolor. Paul-ette Goddard looks exciting but isn't. Real star is scenery.

Paramount

IT WAS nearly "curtains" for him. But the strange part of it, as life seemed about to pull down the shades, had been the terrifying behavior of those curtains in his hospital room. Reading the handwriting on the wall would have been a simple matter compared to getting the hang of those hair-raising drapes at his windows once they started getting in their blood-curdling work.

And Cesar Romero, mind you, hadn't been drinking anything stronger than milk. That had been the trouble—or so the doctor thought—in the upper Californian reaches of Lone Pine, where he had dashed about afoot and ahorse in the romantic adventurings of "The Gay Caballero." When it came to milk, maybe a Hollywood actor couldn't take it. Whatever the case—and this certainly was a bad one—the next thing Cesar of the Romeros knew he was being carted down to Hollywood apparently without the ghost of a show of laying that raging specter known as typhoid.

By now definitely off a milk diet, the gaunt Romero, twenty pounds underweight, plainly showed what he had lived through as he stalked into sight for his first interview since that snatched-from-the-burning-fever interlude and flung himself loosely into a chair. It was only to be wondered what it felt like to be in circulation again. "It's like my second time on earth," he grinned wanly. "And it's good to be back. I've never played a return engagement that I enjoyed so much!"

He lit a cigarette and took a gateful drag on it. It goes without saying he was happy in the thought that a miss is as good as a mile. Yet even darker than his Cuban

coloring was the shadow in his eyes, caught perhaps from a close-to view of the Valley of the Unknown.

"You see," he was saying almost apologetically, "I'd never been ill before except for measles, scarlet fever and the like as a kid, so that thing hit me as a surprise. But it was a big lesson to me. I learned, for the first time, that we're apt to take too much for granted. We don't appreciate—anyhow, I didn't—the blessing of good health. But I do now. It makes everything else seem trivial, petty, of no consequence. I finally got that truth through my head."

Presumably he had gone in for a deal of thinking. "Not at first. To begin with, I wasn't fit to think. And afterward, for a time, I didn't care. Nothing mattered. It's funny how you can lose touch with things that once seemed important. Something happens to you inside. Everything changes. Old values turn worthless in a new light. Nothing seemed so precious to me as the ability of other people to walk around. I'd watch the doctor and the nurses with the greatest envy. Being quarantined, I was not allowed, of course, to have friends come to see me. But I did have flocks of other visitors. They came out of the curtains."

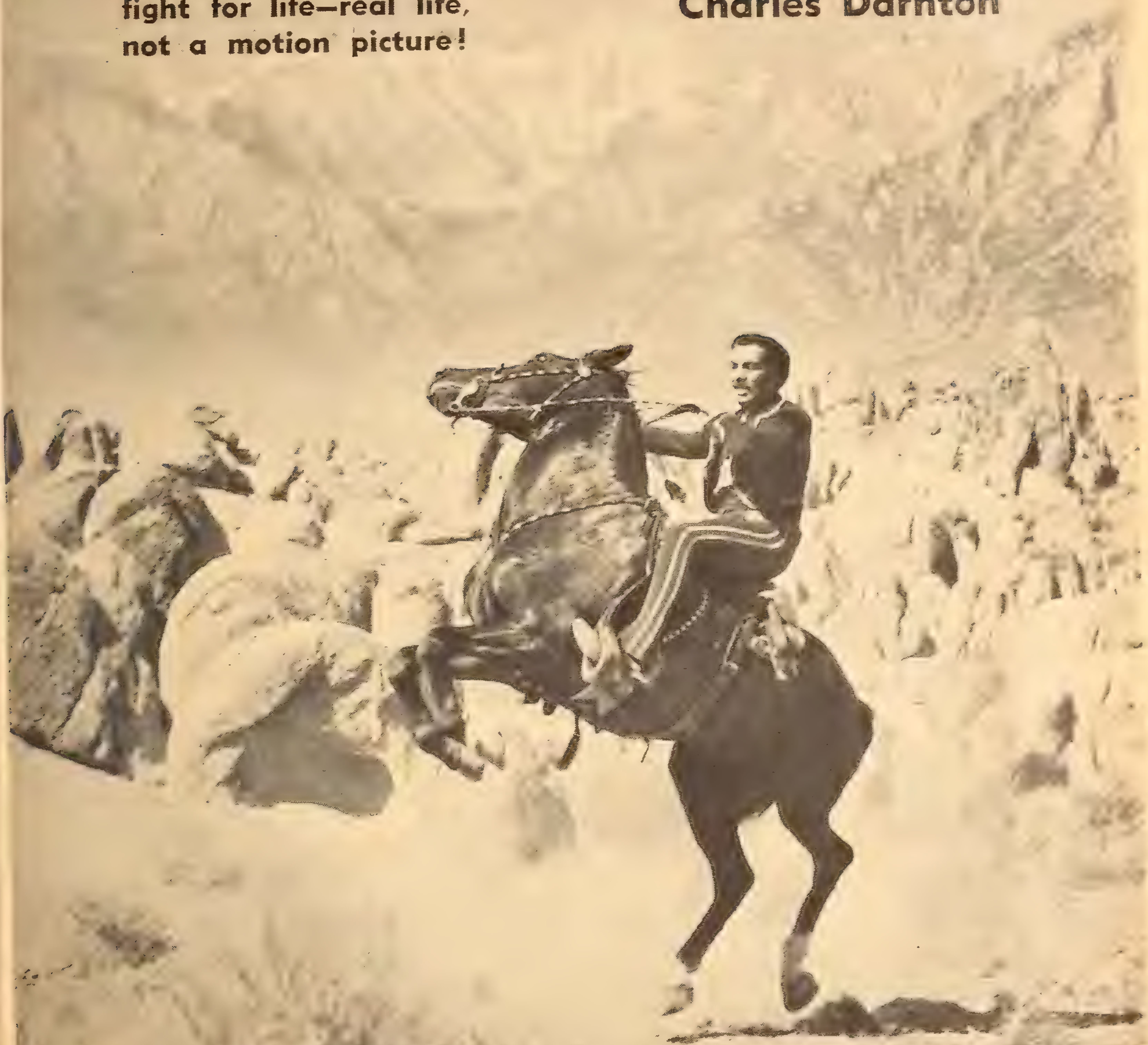
!!! * * * ? ? ? What was this, a mystery story? Instead of breaking the astonishing news gently, he'd let me have it full in the midriff. At my bewildered stare he smiled indulgently, then: "Stamped on those curtains were flowers, little ones in colors. At first I paid no attention to them, merely noticed they were there. Then, one day, I saw them move, stir (*Please turn to page 90*)



Romero

The startling story of
Cesar Romero's gallant
fight for life—real life,
not a motion picture!

By
Charles Darnton



Rides Again!

that LEADING LADY LOOK



Fashions
Margot Maye

Beauty
Courtenay Marvin

YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE... YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE...

Holiday candle-light gleams softly on the rich folds of black velvet, picks up the sharp white of lace at throat and pockets. Dramatically simple, but smartly appropriate for almost any occasion. Extremely effective but extremely inexpensive; a mere \$15.00 or so. Find it at The Smart Shop, Houston.

Lady in black—always fashion's favorite for evening elegance. The gleam and whisper of taffeta underscored by touches of dusky velvet with 1940's new note—jet beading. Amazingly enough, only about \$20.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, Chicago; Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis.



NIGHT-HOODS ARE IN FLOWER!

FIRST, hoods were good on ski suits and heavy-weather sports togs. Next, they got better on dresses and suits. Now, they're best of all, gone sophisticated on evening wraps, in step with the cover-up trend. It looks as though Fashion feels that hood glamor is good glamor!

SOPHISTICATED great-coat of skunk, its hood tied under the chin with vivid velvet. Dramatic over a dinner dress, but wear it equally well for street or sports. About \$115.00 at I. J. Fox, New York.

SWEET AND SIMPLE hood wrap in snowy ermine-pelz, luscious-looking fur-fabric that fools your public and boosts your budget beautifully! All you pay is a mere \$7.00 at John Wanamaker, N. Y., and Philadelphia.

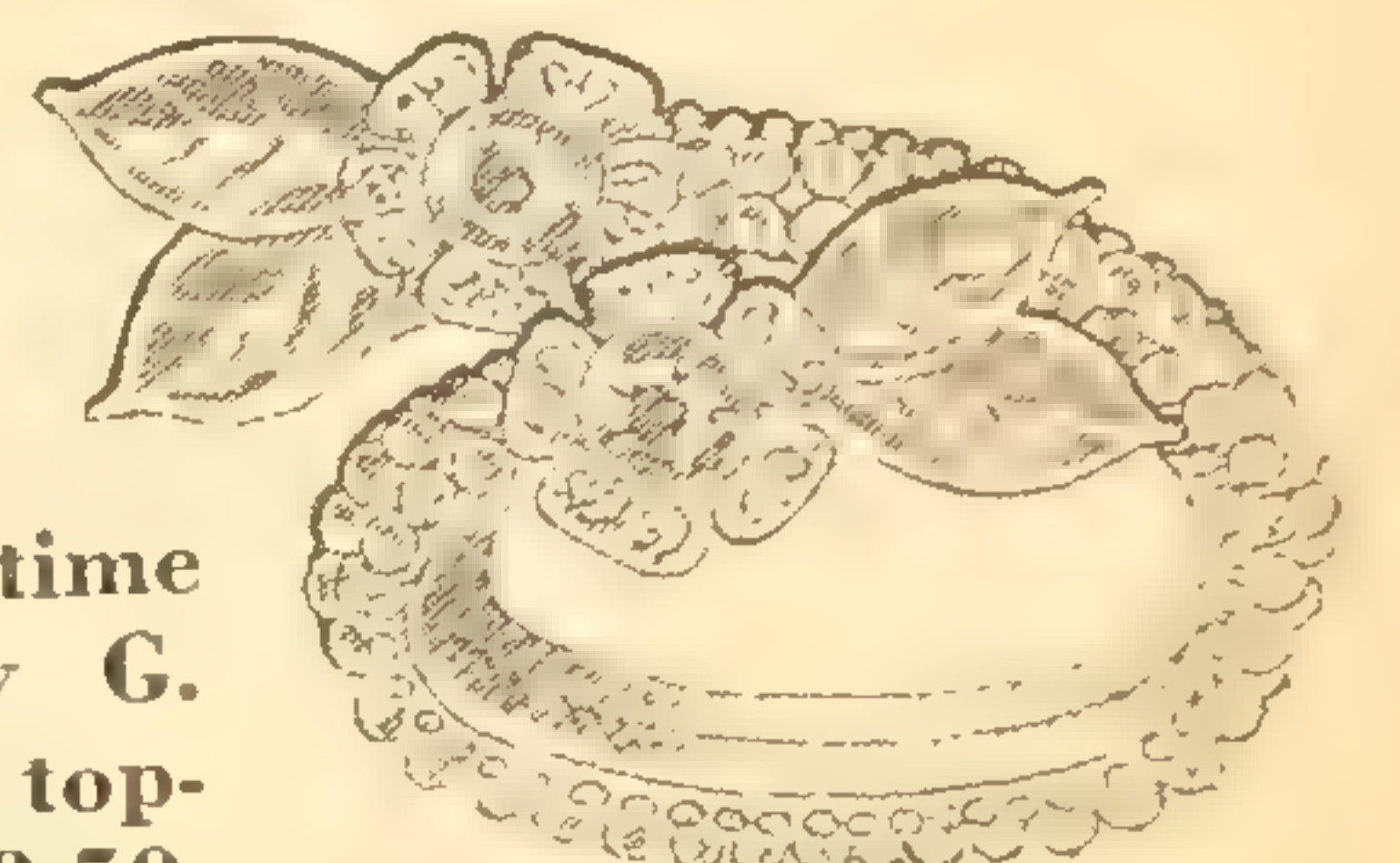


Head-Turning Hat + Eye-Catching Jewelry

= OUTSTANDING YOU

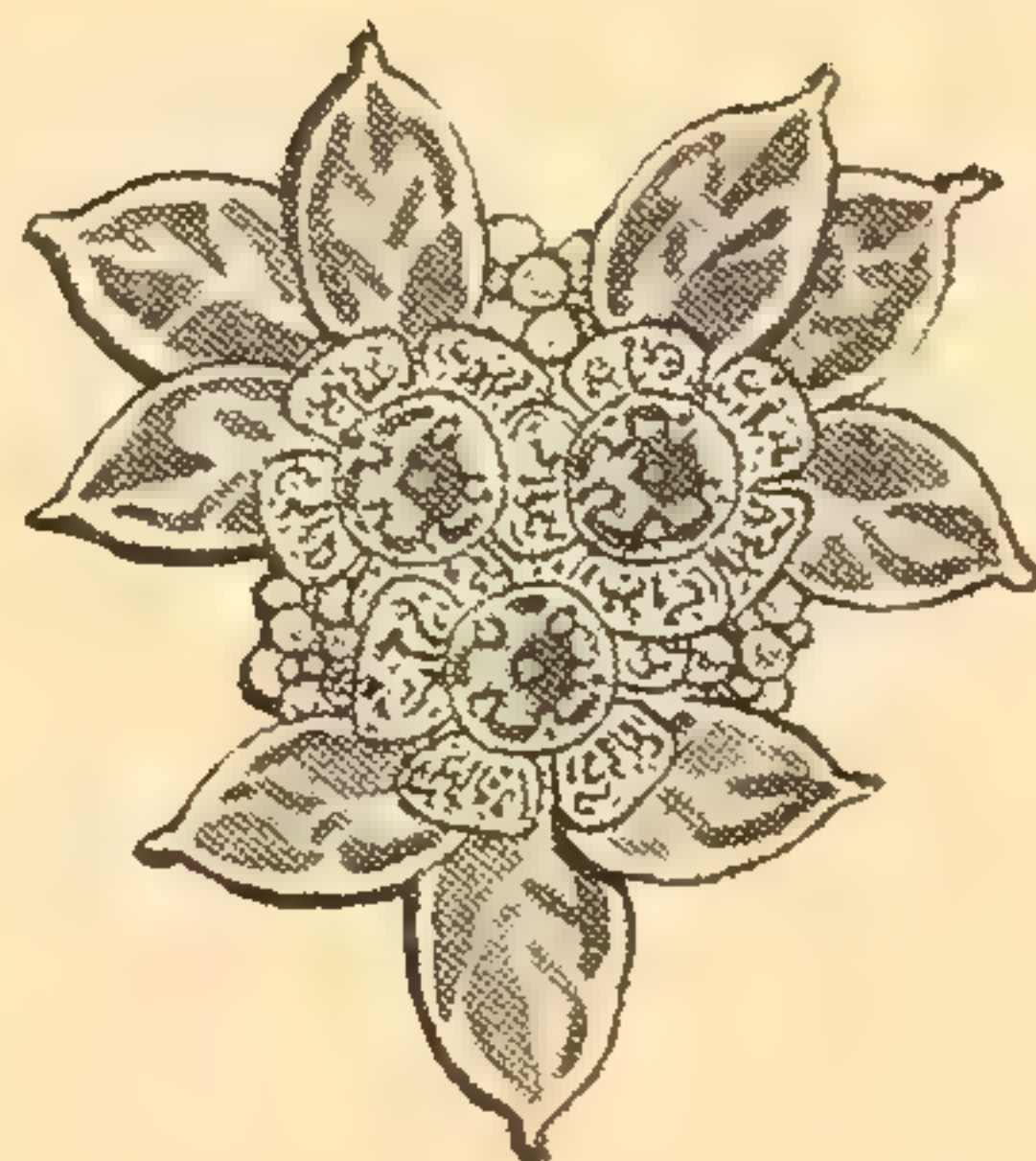


USUALLY, smart economy is our idea. But as an exception to the rule, please remember that an occasional expensive hat is an investment in true smartness, good for seasons to come. Add some really good-looking jewelry and even with the most unassuming dress, all eyes will okay you. Write for store names on hats. Jewelry by Miriam Haskell at Saks 34th Street, N. Y.



Piquant little cocktail-time toque of felt petals by G. Howard Hodge. Perfect topping a pompadour. \$18.50.

Bracelet of dewglow pearls and filagree, about \$4.00.



Veiled-lady felt brim by Harryson. Gold filagree daggers catch the lavishly colored Cascade of Chantilly veil. About \$22.50.

Dewglow pearls with gold filagree, jeweled bouquet, in a shower clip, about \$3.00.



Inspired by the Peruvian "chula" headgear, Elliott Dushane's original felt brim flares from a hand-knit headband. About \$15.00.

Necklace of maiden-hair filagree in antiqued gold for a sumptuous note. About \$4.00.



Take your beauty with a grain of salt! Literally, Ida Lupino explains this point in detail below. Also, she illustrates four little ideas that take on big importance in maintaining a lovely skin. Read and heed, for they are basically good.



By
Courtenay Marvin

Face Facts

HOW to get the utmost benefit from beauty aids is just another of volatile Ida Lupino's interests. That ingenious person applies to the simple phases of her *toilette* some of the originality and imagination that mark her fine acting. In your beauty routine, *how* you use it is, indeed, as important as *what* you use.

Above, a little table salt mixed with your cleansing cream gives skin a gentle work-out, to slough off dead cuticle, to arouse a fresh glow and stimulate it, generally. Below, first, slapping briskly along the jawline with the back of the hand encourages a firm, youthful line. Second, follow the use of a cleansing cream with a skin lotion. This removes all cream, gives a fresh, spring-like color and sensation. Third, when you must powder over old make-up, gently blot first with tissue or handkerchief any oily area, such as nose, chin, forehead. Powder then looks fresher and will not "mask." Last, do try a paste rouge for undertone of color. Touch-up or accent with compact rouge, if there is need. These are a, b, c's of skin beauty!

Yours for Loveliness

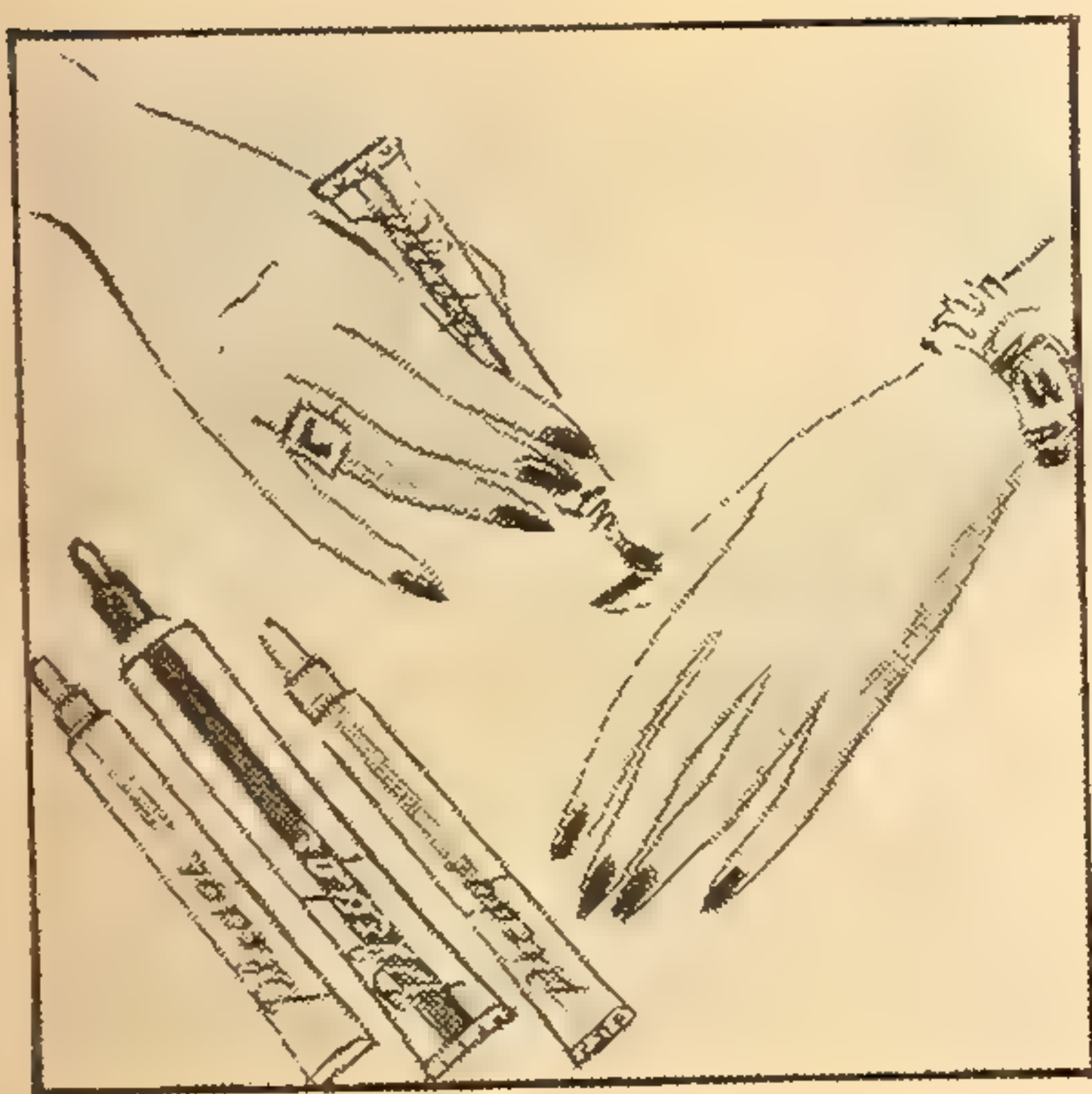
This month, beauty more than meets your demands. In fact, it's behind-the-scenes news! Real problems are solved

"A LIQUID lather that is not soap,"—this is Rose Laird's latest contribution to cleanliness and beauty. You wash your face with Liquid Lather, a wealth of foam and bubbles, and when you have rinsed it away, you will beam with a sense of freshness and pristine cleanliness. And that muddy look will be gone, and your skin will feel soft and so, so young. Without vigilant rubbing, Liquid Lather seems to capture all surface soil and skin secretion. "Health and cleanliness make a clear, faultless skin," says Miss Laird. A combination of soap, cream and some special cleanser, such as Liquid Lather, will give a balanced skin cleansing routine. In department stores.



As lovely as old lace, the new Lady Esther "fan" face powder box

"A LOVELIER box for a lovely face powder,"—that was Lady Esther's problem. Ten thousand women were consulted on many designs. Their overwhelming preference went to the "fan" box, shown. It looks like a piece of rare china, a soft, powder blue box, scattered with delicate, white, lace fans. A beauty, indeed, surpassed only by the beauty the contents give your skin. My enthusiasm for the fine powder is not necessary, because so many of you know it. The new box holds the \$.55 size only; others continue as always.



A perfect manicure now comes in tubes, miracle by Pledge.

"SIMPLIFIED self-manicure," that is achieved by Pledge, whose four splendid nail preparations come in self-feeding tubes, so easy to handle, so economical and convenient. The tubes are equipped with small brushes or felt tips to simplify use. For example, Pledge oilized polish remover drips on. A brush on the cuticle softener massages your cuticle. A nail cream smoothes on from a felt tip, and Pledge nail enamel brushes right on, smoothly, lastingly, by slight finger pressure on the tube, with color guide tip. In your chain stores.



Pond's "Lips" in "Stag-line" colors hold great surprises.

"A LIPSTICK that stays on," plus the other fine qualities you want, was Pond's problems. The result—Pond's "Lips," lipsticks very new and with a high popularity rating. Once on your lips, you'll find these lipsticks *do* last, far longer than you'd hoped, that the color remains fresh, that the smooth texture makes application easy and that the tones deserve the theme, "Stag-line." Four tones are romantic, dramatic, but there is also a Natural. Department stores have a big, handsome swivel case at a nominal price; chains, a smaller size.

"FOR shining hair and a scalp that feels healthy,"—here is real help in the form of Marie de Medicis original scalp cream. Yes, your scalp, if inclined to the usual ills of irritating dryness, dry dandruff, and lifeless, falling hair, needs a lubricant, just as your dry face skin does. This scalp cream comes in a convenient tube, and you apply it to the scalp by parting the hair and rubbing it in. You have no idea what a difference in comfort and appearance a normally lubricated scalp can mean, if you suffer the usual faults of dryness. Marie de Medicis original brilliantine is another good product for giving hair a nice gloss, a high-light to color. At toilet goods counters, or write me.

"SOMETHING to clear up surface bumps and eruptions and make skin look finer,"—a big order, this, but Aknasol Colloidal Sulphur Lotion seems the answer. This creamy lotion works first to dry surface troubles, then to bring to the surface those troublesome under-skin bumps and to correct them. Apply at night after cleansing; sleep with it on. Apply as a powder base in the morning; live with it on all day. This lotion works effectively on the usual skin ailments of—blackheads, whiteheads and bumps. Drug and department stores, or write me.



Aknasol can work twenty-four hours to clear up "problem" skin.

"ABSORBENT cotton in a permanently convenient, clean form,"—Johnson & Johnson give you this in the Red Cross cotton dispenser. As neat an achievement as you could conceive. A good quantity in layer form is housed in the container shown. As you need it, you simply pull the required amount through the slot, where teeth cut it off. This means the remainder is not contaminated by hands or dust and remains a sterile for use on baby, yourself or others. There are no loose bits to go blowing about like tumbleweed. Inexpensive, very!

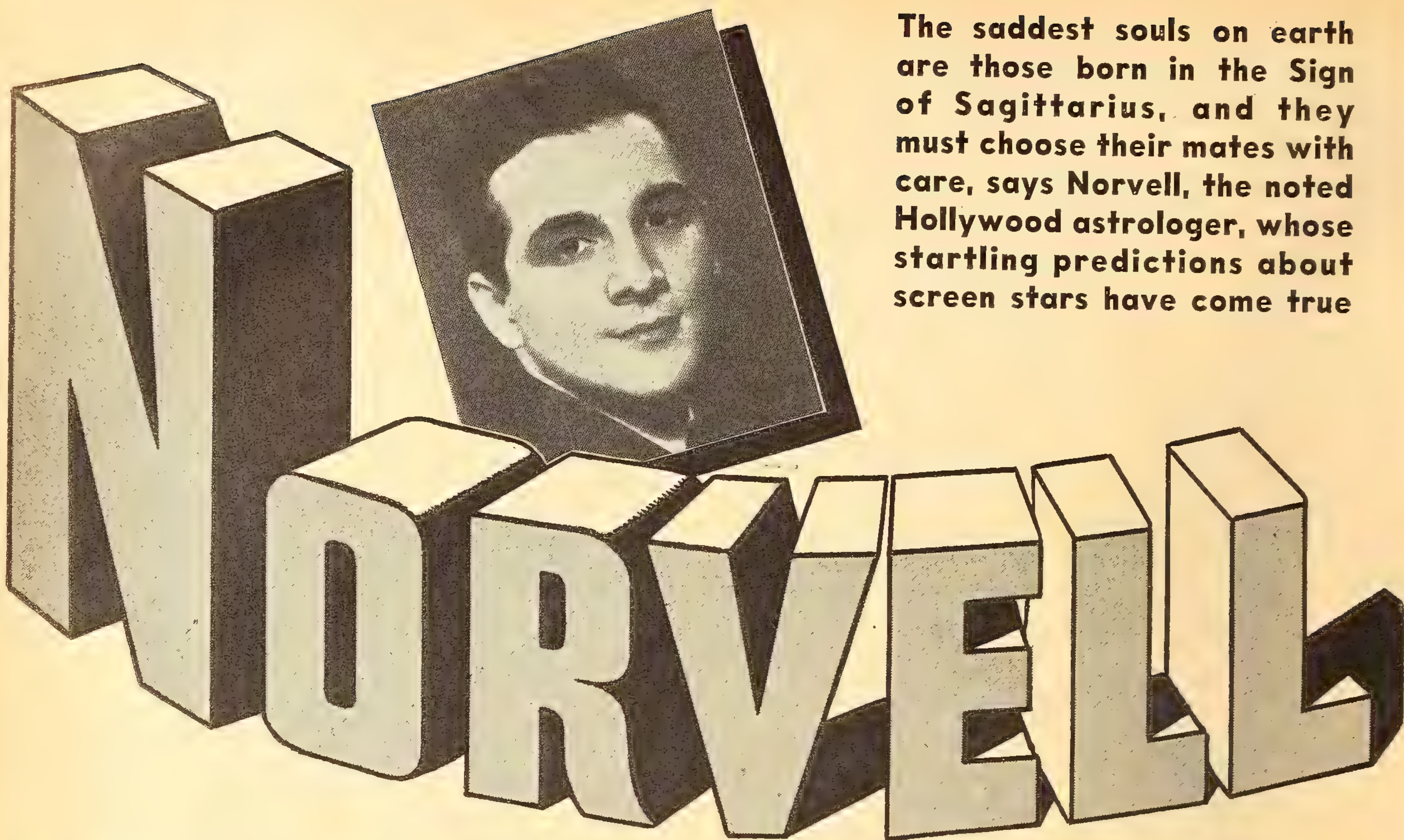


Johnson & Johnson's neat packaging job on Red Cross cotton.

"A GLOW on cheeks without a rougey look,"—that desire set Princess Pat to work, and resulted in Cheek Tone. It comes in creamy form to give just that tint created by wind, sun or brisk exercise. It leaves no pools, no edge of color but a faint radiance that is associated with youth and vitality. It gives charming contrast with the deep lip tones now in vogue. Those who never use rouge—and there are some—are urged to try Cheek Tone for that beautifully alive, though not rouged look. It is, indeed, art that conceals art. Department stores. C. M.



Princess Pat's Cheek Tone is not a rouge—it's a natural glow.



NORVELL

The saddest souls on earth are those born in the Sign of Sagittarius, and they must choose their mates with care, says Norvell, the noted Hollywood astrologer, whose startling predictions about screen stars have come true

WHEN I first met Betty Grable she was a mighty discouraged girl. "I think I'm getting nowhere faster in Hollywood than any other actress," she told me. It was true. Hollywood itself had to reflect in order to remember exactly who she was. Then it was always as Jackie Coogan's wife or the possessor of the second (or maybe it was third) most beautiful legs in town. The latter distinction won her the dubious honor of having more of her photographs plastered on hall-room boys' walls than even the Petty girl, but it didn't console Betty any. She was ambitious.

I carefully examined Betty's chart at that time and found that she was born in the Sign of Sagittarius, November 23 to December 21. A wonderful sign, but at that time going through grievous afflictions from the planet Saturn. I was able to see that in the transit of the planets her troubles would soon end and that in 1940 she would come into her own. I predicted as much for her in SCREENLAND a year ago.

"You were right," Betty said, when I visited her recently. "Everything turned out exactly as you predicted." I was happy to see Betty aglow with her new success and confidence, because Sagittarius persons who are unappreciated or unfulfilled are the saddest souls on

Tells YOU What to Expect of The Future

earth. They need more success, love and security than persons born under any other sign. This is not due to any poverty of spirit but rather to their extreme sensitivity.

Because this is true, Sagittarians must choose their mates and associates most carefully. Two-thirds of the signs in the Zodiac are absolutely allergic to Sagittarius. This is no fault on their part, but is due to the fact that they possess such strong, positive and well-defined personalities that they are not easily swayed, changed or moulded. It becomes vitally important for them to ally themselves with those persons who best understand them and overlook their faults. Their most complementary signs are: Leo, July 23 to August 22, and Aries, March 21 to April 20. Aries if they wish to be the inspiration behind their mate's life, and Leo if they wish to be out front themselves.

I warned Miss Grable on this score lest she choose her next husband unwisely. Her chart, however, shows three marriages, so she might as well get the second one over with.

Another Sagittarian who has profited by the emergence of Jupiter is Dennis Morgan. Now you'd think that anyone with the obvious appeal and ability of Mr. Morgan would be snapped up by the studios, if only to save the wear and tear on the overworked Taylor, Grant, et al. But Dennis kicked around for years under contract to this studio and that as a sort of glorified extra. Now he is so important that he is giving a command performance for the Empress Ginger Rogers in "Kitty

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

Have you sent for your FREE horoscope? It's amazing how many of Norvell's predictions for the screen stars have come true. What does this famous Hollywood astrologer foretell for you? You can get an analysis of your birth sign by filling out and mailing this coupon to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. N, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY.....

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....

Everything Norvell foretold about Betty Grable in this magazine a year ago turned out just as the noted astrologer predicted, that's why Betty, below left, listens attentively to his warnings. Dennis Morgan, below center, is happy because Norvell has just told him that his future in pictures is secure; he also advised Dennis to make no change in his present domestic arrangement, and let the world's women swoon where they may. Right, Susanna Foster's chart shows she has all the qualities necessary for stardom. Norvell, lower center, tells Mary Martin her marriage will last because she chose a man born in her most compatible sign. For Dorothy Lamour, Norvell foresees another marriage in 1941.



Foyle." Morgan's future in pictures is secure, but he had better watch his marriage as there is some danger in the near future indicated in that department. I told Dennis of this and warned him to hold on to his present domestic arrangement, let the world's women swoon where they may.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which had Morgan under contract and let him get away, made the same colossal blunder with Deanna Durbin, who is also a Sagittarian. This is strange because that studio is ruled by Leo, the patron of Sagittarius, and players born under this sign could make as much money for themselves as their Leo pets—Loy, Taylor, Bill Powell, Shearer, etc.

Durbin hasn't suffered much misunderstanding though. Her life is a success and if she remembers my oft-repeated warning to her not to marry before she is twenty-one, she will be successful in marriage. Sagittarians are so eager for emotional assurance that they are apt to run off with the first devoted admirer, with no thought of permanent compatibility. I hope Deanna spares herself this mistake and eventually finds a nice upstanding Leo or Aries lad.

Deanna's logical successor as the "where the brook and river meet" girl, is Susanna Foster, who was also born in the Sign of Sagittarius. This child, who made such a hit in the film, "The Great Victor Herbert," and who's being featured in her current picture, "There's Magic In Music," has all the qualities of stardom in her work and chart. If she can be handled wisely and taught tact and perseverance, she should be able to go to great triumphs in future rôles. Her romantic future is a very complicated one according to her chart, but it is too early to dwell on that.

Sagittarius might well be called the singing sign, so many vocal stars does it produce. In addition to Betty Grable, Deanna Durbin, and Susanna Foster, as well as Dennis Morgan, who has an excellent singing voice, though it hasn't been featured yet, this sign has also given us: Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Mary Martin and Dorothy Lamour. This sign and Taurus produce more singers than any other signs. (Future mothers—would you like a little singer (Please turn to page 95)





HERE'S

And Here's News—
With a Kick—Intimate
News, Romantic News,
Production News, ALL
the Hollywood News!

By
Weston East

HOLLYWOOD

NO one ever took more kidding in Hollywood than Cary Grant since he has been beaming Barbara Hutton about, and the rumors of their eventual marriage persist. Funsters have made particular light of the fact that Cary recently hired a business manager to help him save money and then donated the entire check for his very next picture to charity. With an eye to Barbara's millions gagsters are kidding that Cary can now well afford such extravagances.

DID you ever wonder exactly what Garbo eats now that she's under the dietetic eye of Gayelord Hauser? Being vegetarians, their every mouthful of food had the eye of everyone in the room the last time they dined at Perinos. From a vantage spot of the table next to theirs the courses looked something like this: First, a salad mostly of cucumber mixed with other greens, then a countless number of vegetables one after the other, plain as God made them, only boiled in salted water. Then, hold your hat, no meat, but plate after plate of garlic-centered spaghetti.

DID you know that Rosalind Russell is supposed to be married within a year? Roz is almost convinced of it herself because the last three fortune tellers she has been to have told her she will undoubtedly be in double harness a year from now. Columbia Pictures hopes she does it right away because it would be a big boost for the picture she is making for them titled "This Thing Called Love." To give more weight to the prognostication it was Roz who, among the many guests at her sister's recent wedding, caught the bride's bouquet.

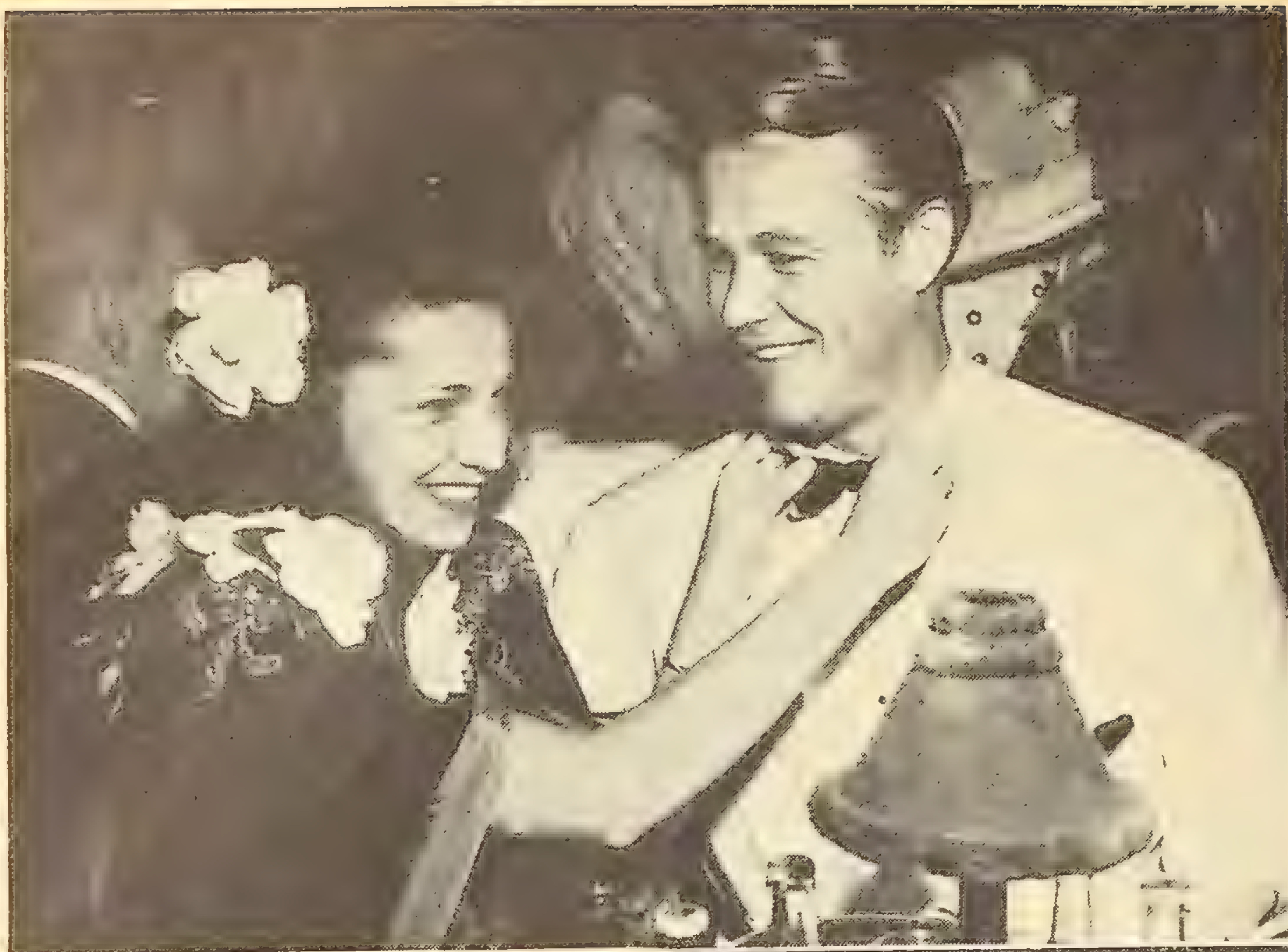
JACK OAKIE isn't a politician by a long shot, but he created a nice warm feeling in the hearts of a lot of people the other night at a preview theater. During the newsreel the booing and applause for big name politicians got to such a point that Jack leaped to his feet and shouted, "This is America, let's give them a chance!" The theater quieted down immediately. That small gesture gained Jack more good-will than a dozen routines filled with wise cracks.

CLARK GABLE is so afraid of even having it suggested that he is a softie that every day on the set of "Comrade X" when tea time rolled around and he was offered tiny cakes and tea he bellowed, "Gimme some food fit for a man to eat!" However, he was kidded out of being too disdainful of tea. The day I visited the set his director arranged a gag. As a total surprise a "sandwich" arrived for Clark at tea time. It was made of a loaf of bread cut in half with a two-inch steak between, and a quart of coffee as a chaser. The funniest part of the whole gag was that Clark couldn't eat it. He was on a diet. Even a he-man in pictures has to watch his waist line.

DID you hear about the tiny five-foot extra girl who demanded and got a \$25 stunt check because she was repeatedly called upon in a film scene to plant a kiss smack in the middle of Gary Cooper's forehead? In case you don't know it, Gary is six feet four inches tall. . . . A new description of the Chinese Theater forecourt as "the only spot where an actor doesn't mind putting his foot in it," is very apt.

Ann Miller, opposite page, as she dances her way through the film musical, "The Hit Parade of 1941." Below, Carole Landis as the carnival owner-performer, PENGUIN MOORE in "Road Show," doing her acrobatic act. Below left, Fredric March and Margaret Sullivan relax between scenes on the set of their new film, "Flotsam." Watch for the complete fictionization of "Flotsam," published in this magazine next month





ACCORDING to the whispering league, Victor Mature is the mysterious man who for the last month has been calling Ann Sheridan's home hoping to get to talk to her. No one has reported George Brent's reactions—yet.

IT ISN'T worth even 10,000 beautiful dollars a week to Dorothy Lamour to be laced into waist-pinching corsets and to wear a lot of tight-fitting, figure-squeezing clothes. In "Chad Hanna" Dorothy played a dazzling circus belle. When the picture was finished she took her first comfortable breath in weeks. Then came the offer from the famous Ringling Brothers Circus requesting her appearance, as she was in the picture, under their big top. Dorothy handed their staggering salary back to them. She prefers, at least, to wear a sarong for less.

Finding it so much fun to fix a man's tie must mean something—wonder if it can be love, and if pretty Pat Stewart, left, with Wayne, will be the next Mrs. Morris? Oh-oh, and what's this, below, the beginning of a new romance? Franchot Tone's cutting in on Jimmy Stewart and dating Olivia de Havilland.

DISCOUNT all those rumors you've heard about suave Bill Powell and Slapsie Maxie coming to blows at Maxie's night spot. It was all gagging on Bill's part. When Maxie made his appearance on the stage Bill's ribbing and heckling made good entertainment until suddenly things went too far and the situation became belligerent. The crowd was plainly anxious when Maxie invited Bill to step out in the alley. When they didn't return everyone thought the worst. But Maxie was whisked into a waiting limousine, practically kidnaped by Bill and Diana Lewis. They sped him across town to the night club where Maxine Lewis, Diana's sister, is singing a very popular engagement. Maxie was forced to hear her—and now, Maxine Lewis is opening an engagement at Maxie's night club.

YOU'D be surprised to know what actress hushed up the fact that she fell into a swimming pool at a recent party fully clothed, even swathed in a fur cape, because she thought it would hurt her reputation as the screen's most poised and lovely lady.

Len Weissman photos



Left, more proof that there's been a shuffling around of partners, is this shot of Alice Faye and Sandy Cummings, who were among the celebrities at Ciro's, gay night spot, recently.



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN is constantly being kidded for being the most conscientious director in town. He wears a whistle dangling from a bracelet at his wrist to call his actors to attention quickly so no time will be lost. . . The most regretted separation in town is that of Mischa Auer and his wife. They never even lived together in their beautiful new home, just completed. No divorce, yet no reconciliation has been announced.

A FAMOUS movie personality that you all know has been a steady and sincere worker for the Orthopedic Hospital here, but few people are aware of it. She gives her time and money freely because she is so grateful to orthopedic surgery for saving her life. When a child she was thrown from a horse and she would never have been able to walk again if one doctor had not had faith in her. She has never forgotten it. Her name is Rosalind Russell.

MYRNA LOY'S hands have the touch of Midas. Most everything she puts her efficient fingers into bring her back a pretty penny. As a friendly and neighborly gesture she packed some of the choicest of her excellent harvest of limes from her own orchards into fancy boxes, labeled them "Loy's Limes" and gave them to friends and neighbors. Local merchants saw the choice fruit and the sales angle in the coined name. Now the Loy ranch is besieged with merchandising offers. Myrna's four hundred lime trees could make her a lot of money, but she prefers to sell her crop in the old-fashioned way.

IT'S an outstanding case of deferred payment, especially for Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have just finished building a lavish swimming pool. It will be the first one either of them ever owned.

It isn't like Myrna Loy, right, not to smile for the camera. Is it because of rumors that all is not as it should be with the Arthur Hornblow, Jr.s? The gentleman with her is Joseph Allen, Jr. Below, meet the Lockhart family! Daughter June and Mrs. Lockhart look on while Gene phones from a Brown Derby booth.



And here meet another nice Hollywood family trio, the Gleasons—Russell, his wife, and Ma (Lucille) Gleason—all but Jimmy—enjoying a midnight snack at the Brown Derby.

IN "CHAD HANNA" you'll see Linda Darnell's eleven-year-old sister in a bit rôle. Her name is Monte and she was allowed to work as an extra because she had never before been on a movie set for any length of time. However, she was so ambitious that she soon talked the director into a bit rôle, and into a much better salary. She was deeply provoked when the company began kidding her about usurping her older sister's spot in the movies in no time. She finally explained her position. The only reason she was working at all, she confided proudly, was "to make enough money to learn to be a lion tamer." None of this silly movie star stuff for Monte.

THE wigs Miriam Hopkins will wear in "The Woman with Red Hair," based on the life of Mrs. Leslie Carter, will be exactly the correct shade of auburn. They are being matched with an actual strand of the famous actress' famous hair, which is owned by Max Factor.



NO matter what you think about movie personalities because of the unbelievable fickleness there seems to be in Hollywood marriages, engagements and friendships, the town is not without sentiment altogether. You should see Tony Martin and Lana Turner at the Victor Hugo. They will sit at no table but the one next to a miniature waterfall. They figure it's the most romantic spot in the room. It was the scene of one of their first dates. They park there and moon into each other's eyes like two teen-aged sweethearts.

ANN LEHR'S Memento Mart is the kind of a shop Hollywood should have had long ago. All proceeds go to help the industry's own needy. For the first time authentic mementos used by stars in pictures are on sale to the public. It's a great idea. On display in the shop right now are some of Lana Turner's own sweaters, the belt Clark Gable wore in "Boom Town," a cigarette case used by Ronald Colman, a pair of Gene Autry's spurs and many other things.

Len Weissman photos



AND HERE'S

Charming little imports to add to Hollywood's galaxy of beautiful stars

Left, Renee Haal, brunette screen "find" who makes her movie bow in "You'll Find Out," Kay Kyser's new picture. Below, Signe Hasso, Swedish film star now in Hollywood, who will soon make her American movie debut.

CONSTANCE BENNETT has gained such a reputation for being difficult to get along with that new acquaintances and fellow-workers keep a constant chip on their shoulders when first meeting her. Connie went into a love scene with Pat O'Brien in "Passage West" and as the shot warmed to the climax of a kiss Pat heard Connie admonish him out of the off-camera corner of her mouth. "Don't face the camera, don't face the camera," she hissed. Pat burned to think that she could stoop to such conniving to steal a scene. He broke the clinch, gave the camera his full face, and ruined the scene. Connie had been only trying to let him know that her lipstick had smeared his face from nose to chin.

I AM sure you'll all be interested to know that, actually, Orson Welles' dress suit, that you'll see him wear in "Citizen Kane," is an eye-opening, amazing *bright purple*. . . . The wise boys are suggesting that because Spencer Tracy has recently stolen so many pictures, they should put Spencer's finger-prints in the cement in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater.

AS OUTMODED as last year's hat was a once very famous movie star at a recent cocktail party. Her fame melted away into an unnoticed background when a brand new fellow countrywoman of hers got her first introduction to the Hollywood press. At Chasen's, Signe Hasso (pronounced Signay) sparkled at her first reception in this country. Signe, like Ingrid Bergman and Garbo, is a Swede—but she has dark red hair, naughty green eyes, an impertinent nose, and a command of the English language that is unbelievable. Around her neck hung a brilliant, sparkling portable radio, which lent an obligato of lilting waltz music to her interesting conversation. An actress to her finger tips, no question stumped Miss Hasso. She's been on the stage since she was eleven. Unnoticed and unknown among the guests was Anna Q. Nilsson, America's first screen favorite to come from Scandinavia.

ILI DAMITA is going around with Errol Flynn's stand-in and trying to let people think it's Flynn himself, but he's much too young to pass for Errol.



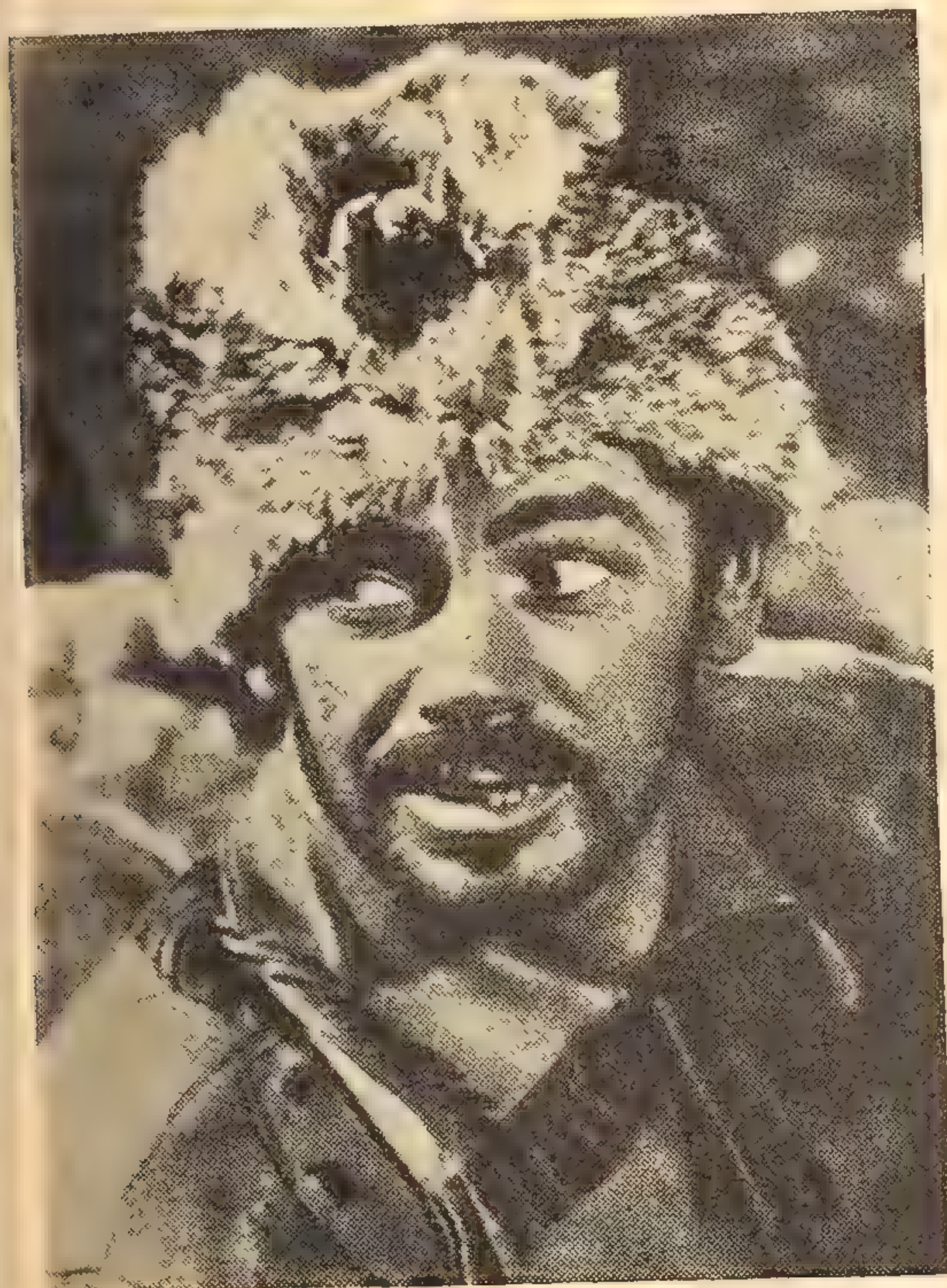
Marlene Dietrich and the boys, John Wayne and Broderick Crawford, rehearsing the big fight sequence for "Seven Sinners," the new Dietrich film in which she has the rôle of a South Seas café entertainer. Below: left, John swings a mean right and we hate to think it might have connected with Marlene's pretty chin; right, Brod steps into the tussle.



HOLLYWOOD, TOO!

And some big, brawny
he-men playing vir-
ile rôles in big,
new productions

Right, Errol Flynn may have lost his shirt while making "Santa Fe Trail," but Alan Hale says he hasn't lost his sense of humor. Below, Paul Muni as PIERRE RADISSON, a 17th-century French-Canadian trapper, in "Hudson's Bay."



The battle which takes place in the café continues, below. Wayne has finally landed that haymaker on Marlene's chin and knocked her out and Brod is holding a menacing chair over John's head; right, Marlene records some of the action with her camera. These are rehearsal pictures, but they'll give you an idea of what to expect in "Seven Sinners."

EVERY writer in Hollywood has his dander up again and is accusing Paul Muni of giving him the brush-off. The truth is, however, that Muni is only being his own sweet self. No one knows where he is living because that is the way he wants it. Even his studio doesn't know where he is hiding out. It will surprise many to know where he is. He is living in an out-of-the-way bedraggled little frame house out north of Santa Monica near the ocean. It's a hide-away that no one will ever find. He has rented his palatial estate in Palos Verdes and is living very simply.

PITY poor Marlene Dietrich who's as skinny as a fence post, yet has to keep on dieting. Her sense of humor is the only thing that enables her to go foodless. "I've a good notion to have another steak," she kidded, eating luncheon with her director at the Universal commissary recently. "Another steak?" he questioned. "Why, you've only had a glass of fruit juice. You haven't eaten anything else." Marlene giggled, "I know, but I had a notion about the other one all the while you were eating yours."

MAYBE you've never noticed, but you have rarely seen Ann Sothorn without earrings. These trinkets are her weakness. Her collection runs the gamut from gaudy and simple pairs from the dime store, to impressive sets of clusters of real pearls and diamonds set in platinum. . . . Garbo's appearance at Mary Pickford's charity soirée had everyone goggle-eyed, and not because the great Garbo herself had deigned to accept an invitation, but because of the get-up she appeared in. Her dress, it couldn't be called a gown, could be described only by calling it "serviceable" and certainly designed for long and hard wear. She wore low, heavy black shoes, and for a hat, a plain Chinese coolie affair resembling a cork helmet. . . . To excuse Greta Garbo's sloppy dressing, a big-shot Hollywood fashion expert has just confided most confidentially in a friend that the silent Swede is color blind. Materials, to her, don't mean a thing except by touch. If she likes the feel of a fabric that's all that is necessary. Color combinations as well as styles can go hang.





"The Mark of Zorro"

Continued from page 26

grown hard to danger and excitement. That was why his father had sent him there to be schooled as an officer so he would not be softened by the ease of California living.

So when the letter came summoning him home to Los Angeles he hated to give up the things he had known. This had been living, this recklessness that was a part of Spain. How could he go back to the inertia of that quiet land? Maybe in Monterey or up north in San Francisco it would be different. But the Los Angeles his father governed as Alcade had grown lazy under his gentle rule. There was almost too much happiness and peace in its sunny vineyards and orange groves.

"I give you a toast, señors!" Diego had said at that last dinner in the officers' mess and there had been a rueful bitterness in his smile, a nostalgia even then in his heart for all that he was leaving. "A toast to California, where a man can only marry and raise fat children and watch his vineyards grow!"

The officer at his right had laughed and touched the Californian's sword with his finger. "Then what will you do with this spur of yours, my Cockerel?" he laughed.

"This!" Diego said, and taking it out of its scabbard he had thrown it up to the ceiling where it hung quivering. "Leave it there. When you see it think of me in a land of gentle missions, happy peons, sleepy caballeros and everlasting boredom!"

That was how he had thought it would be. But Los Angeles had changed in the years he had been away. For his father, the kindly Don Alejandro Vega, was no longer Alcade. He had been forced to resign and in his place reigned the brutal Luis and the heavy taxes he imposed on the people took away the plenty there had been before, just as his cruelty had banished all happiness. There was Esteban too, captain of Luis' men who had replaced Alejandro's caballeros. As cruel as his superior, he had a way with the sword that was efficient in collecting taxes and he was handsome in his dark, sardonic way. Luis needed him and so he pretended not to notice when the captain's eyes rested too often upon Inez, Luis' flirtatious young wife.

So Diego came home to a countryside grovelling in fear, to peons who no longer sang as they worked in the fields and to caballeros awake now to a resentful restlessness but who could only grumble at the change that had come with no man strong enough to lead them against it. But none of these things hurt him quite as much as the change that had come over his father. In the old man's kindly heart there was no room for violence and when Fray Felipe, the priest who had looked on in loathing when he saw his flock terrorized, urged him to lead the caballeros in revolt, he only shook his head.

"Lose the best blood in Los Angeles in a hopeless cause? Never!" he said. And Diego was sickened by the fear in his eyes, by the new submissiveness that crept into his voice. His father who had always had the heart of a thousand lions had become a tired old man.

"Even if I thought it would succeed, I'd refuse," Don Alejandro went on slowly. "Because the law is the law, and I have



More scenes from "The Mark of Zorro." Reading from top of page: Linda Darnell and Tyrone Power, who's disguised as a monk; Gale Sondergaard and Tyrone; and Eugene Pallette, who plays FRAY FELIPE.

"THE MARK OF ZORRO"

A 20th Century-Fox Production

Associate producer, Raymond Griffith. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Screen Play by John Taintor Foote. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Based on the story by Johnston McCulley. With the following cast:

Diego.....Tyrone Power
Lolita Quintero.....Linda Darnell
Capt. Esteban Pasquale

Basil Rathbone
Inez Quintero.....Gale Sondergaard
Fray Felipe.....Eugene Pallette
Don Luis Quintero

J. Edward Bromberg
Rodrigo.....Robert Lowery
Alejandro Vega.....Montagu Love



Tyrone Power, above, looking handsome in some of the finery from the wardrobe which cost his studio \$15,000, for his dandyish California bandit rôle in "The Mark of Zorro."

bring lost courage back to despairing hearts. For Zorro struck with a sure hand at all that was corrupt and evil and Luis' men no longer lashed at the peons with their whips with the same zest they had shown before, for they were never sure when the masked rider and his sword would appear out of nowhere and strike out at them. Many of them went about now with the Z that was the avenger's signature hardening into ugly scars on their cheeks. Overnight placards denouncing Luis and his evil and signed by the bold scrawl, "Zorro," covered the countryside like a mushroom growth, and in the Alcade's home the usurpers trembled at the sound of his name.

Yet even in that place there was one who thrilled to the thought of him, who dreamed of him at night and whose prayers always held his name. She dared not speak it aloud, the little Lolita, for she was Luis' niece. But when night came she ran to him in her dreams, and awake she wondered about the face hidden under the mask. Was it young, that face, and eager and laughing, or was it grown old in bitterness? She wished it was young to match the courage

in his heart but she loved him whatever his age, whatever his place in the world. And it did not matter that Inez, jealous of her young loveliness, kept her away from the young gallants who came there nightly to dine and to dance. For her there was only one man in the world, Zorro, her uncle's enemy.

And that day when Luis and Inez rode out in their carriage she could have wept for sheer joy when they returned that short half hour later, with the news they had been robbed of their money and Inez' jewels, the gigantic Z slashed in the padded silk that lined their carriage telling of the vengeance that had overtaken them. For Lolita knew those jewels had been bought with the money that belonged to the peons and to the ranchers from whom it had been stolen in taxes, and she hated her uncle's cruelty as much as any of them.

Fray Felipe's heart too knew only gladness when a peon came running to him with the news of what had happened. He went into the church and kneeling before the altar offered his thanks for Zorro's safety and as he rose a wry smile trembled on his

spent thirty years of my life enforcing it. Two wrongs never make a right and never will."

"Sometimes one must fight fire with fire!" Diego said, and his words kindled sparks in the old Fray's eyes.

"That's it!" he agreed, and there was the steel in his voice that Alejandro's had lost.

"I am a Vega!" Alejandro drew himself up proudly. "Luis Quintero is corrupt and vile, but because he is I will not become lawless too. Neither will my son!"

Diego looked at him and then suddenly his manner changed. He might have been a fop instead of a soldier standing there, looking bored as if the things they were saying was of no interest to him.

"Why become overly excited?" he picked up a fan lying on a table and waved it languidly. "In this heat I miss the scented breezes of Spain. By the way, I took up sleight of hand in Madrid. It's all the rage just now. Watch closely!" And as they stared at him he made a motion with his hand and the fan disappeared. "Ah, here it is!" He laughed as he pretended to take it from behind the Fray's ear and gave it to him with a sweeping bow.

Fray Felipe turned away and now the steel was gone from his voice too and only bitterness remained. "So the boy I helped to raise, the boy I taught to hold a firm wrist behind a true sword, has turned into a puppy!" he muttered.

And Alejandro sighed as he looked at this son of his, this boy who had promised so much, who he had sent away to become a man. He had not wanted violence but even less than violence he wanted this simpering gallant who spent his days in idleness playing cards with Luis and his officers and flattering the Alcade's flighty young wife, Inez, with his attentions.

He had become a laughing stock to everyone. The caballeros ignored him and even the peons stared at him with hostile eyes. At the Alcade's home he was looked on as a harmless fool by all but Inez who delighted in his prattle about Madrid, the dances at court, the latest fashions, the little tidbits of gossip and scandal that delighted her frivolous soul. Hungry for his compliments she found that tall slimness of his to her liking and her eyes followed him so often that Estaban felt a quick jealousy rising within him. But he banished the emotion with a laugh. How could he, a soldier, a man, be jealous of this dandy, this fop!

Yet it was from Diego, the dandy, the fop, that Zorro sprang. But of course none of them guessed that. Even his friends must not know lest unwittingly they betray him. Zorro! The very sound of the name was to

lips. What had come over him, a son of the church, praying for help to an outlaw! He tensed as he heard rough voices in the mission garden and stood by sternly as Esteban and his men pushed their way past him and made a thorough search of the church. There was a frown on Fray Felipe's face as he walked after them into his living quarters and he started as he saw a man sitting in the shadows. But it was only Diego waiting before the chess-board set up for a game, his hand covering his yawn as he looked up.

"It's been frightfully dull at home," he said. "I've been waiting for a game with you."

"You've seen or heard nothing?" Esteban demanded. "We're after the bandit, Zorro. We saw him ride through the Mission gates."

"Of Zorro!" Diego recoiled in horror. "Oh, thank heaven. My blood chills at the thought!"

Esteban laughed derisively and Fray Felipe could not conceal his disgust. But he waited until the door had closed after the intruders before he spoke.

"When I think what one man, single-handed, has accomplished against these devils and see you, the last of the Vegas, tremble at the mention of his name I could—"

"Ordinarily I'd drink in your words," Diego grinned as he got up. "But just now there are other things to think of."

He stopped in front of the statue of the Virgin and drew a huge canvas bag from behind it. And he laughed as he strode over to the priest and slammed the bag down on the table before him, tossing the necklace that had once caressed the white throat of Inez down beside it.

"The gold, the Captain didn't mention that. Can it be Luis and the fair Inez were keeping it secret from even their good friend Esteban, that they have been sending gold to Spain for safekeeping?" He tapped the bag jubilantly with his hand and laughed at the Fray's startled face. "So my old mentor has no more wit than the rest of them. Quick! Hide that plunder! Don't stand there gaping like a fish. Put it away!"

"Are you trying to make me a receiver for stolen goods?" The old Fray tried to sound disapproving but he could not down the surging gladness in his heart.

"A dispenser, my dear Fray," Diego reassured him. "This has been wrung from the peons. Restore it to them!"

"My boy, my boy," the Fray rose and his old arms went around the boy. "Then you will lead the caballeros against these scorpions?"

"No. Father is right about that," Diego said soberly. "We'd stand no chance against a garrison of trained soldiers."

"But you must have had Luis at your mercy when you took his gold," the old Fray said. "I would have snuffed him out like a candle, God forgive me."

"That would accomplish nothing," the boy pointed out. "Another like him would take his place. Or a worse one. Esteban maybe."

"I see. I see everything," the Fray said thoughtfully. "But what can you achieve all alone?"

"I might be able to persuade Luis to resign and name my father in his place," Diego said. "Amusing, don't you think?"

Fray Felipe stared at him. "If you live," he said soberly.

Luis no longer felt safe even in his palace with his strong guard watching the gates. The mark of Zorro had appeared there too often. Sometimes he was almost certain that the bandit was no mortal, for who except a demon could walk through walls? But the evening the masked face of Zorro confronted him in his study and demanded he resign in favor of Alejandro Vega he could swear that no supernatural



Margaret Roach and Charles Butterworth in a scene from the rollicking comedy, "Road Show."

Margaret is the daughter of Hal Roach, producer-director of the picture, but she was given the rôle because of her beauty (picture proves this point) and talent.

being could be so frightening as that tall figure towering over him. In an instant he was gone and Luis sounded the alarm, but though the guard was out instantly there was no trace of the intruder.

Torches gleamed in the darkness outside and every room in the house was ablaze with lights. But Diego remembered the chapel, and stepping inside the vestry he donned the monk's robe and hood hanging there and sat quietly down in the shadows. In another moment the door to the chapel opened and he saw the girl, Lolita, the lights from the candles on the altar casting a halo over her head.

His heart leaped at that first sight of her, so small she reached scarcely higher than his heart, so lovely with that gentle, flower face of hers.

"Fray Ramon," she said uncertainly and he could see that he had startled her. "I didn't see you when I came in."

"I'm not Fray Ramon," Diego said softly. "I'm Fray Pablo from the mission. I've been spending the evening with Fray Ramon."

"I," the girl hesitated and looked at him appealingly, "I was asking the Holy Mother just now to save me from a convent. Is that a sin?"

"The sin, I think, would be in sending you to one," Diego said soberly. "It seems to me you might be more useful outside a convent than in."

"You mean in serving God?" she asked earnestly.

"Well yes, in a way," he said uncertainly. "The church must have sons and daughters if she is to flourish. Strong sons, fine daughters."

"But Aunt Inez wants to send me to a convent," the girl whispered. "Maria, she's my duenna, says she's jealous. She says it's because I'm, well, good-looking."

"Maria has excellent eyesight," Diego assured her.

"Thank you, Fray," Lolita couldn't help that pleased little giggle. "No one except Maria ever says I'm pretty."

"Pretty!" Diego forgot himself and the part he was playing. "You're more radiant, more lovely than a morning in June."

"You really think that?" the girl whispered entranced. "I've never heard such words before, they make me lose my breath."

"You should hear such words every hour of the day," Diego said and then he knew that he had gone too far, for the girl looked at him startled and as he rose he saw her eyes travel slowly from the cowl he was wearing to the hem of his robe. And too late he saw the end of his scabbard protruding beneath it.

"You—you're wearing a sword," she whispered, and then she tensed as she heard the sound of footsteps and Inez' voice calling her name.

"Where have you been?" she asked as Lolita went to the chapel door. "Zorro just broke into the house and threatened your uncle." She took the girl's arm and started to lead her away. "Lock the doors after we leave, Fray Ramon," she ordered. "The beast may try to rob the altar."

For a moment Diego stood there rigidly, then he saw the girl's eyes, radiant now as they looked at him, and her voice trembled as she bade him a demure good night. He had not known that love could be like this, more thrilling than any adventure, more quiet than any peace. Now he knew that it was for this love his heart had been made and he was impatient to see her again. Yet it seemed easier for Zorro to penetrate the Alcade's fortress than it was for Diego to meet the girl Inez had ordered kept in the background.

It was Esteban who broke down those barriers between them. "Of course it's obvious this Zorro is the tool of Alejandro," he said when Luis told him of the threats the masked intruder had made. "The fact that he wants to appoint Alejandro in your place proves that. If we form an alliance with Alejandro Vega we can help the situation."

"Impossible!" Luis interrupted testily. "You know Vega's attitude."

"Perfectly." Esteban smiled sardonically. "But what could be stronger than an alliance through matrimony? Royal families keep the peace of Europe in bridal beds."

Royal families! Luis liked that phrase.

Maybe there was something in what Esteban suggested. But when he rode in state to the Vega home the next morning, his military escort leading the way, Alejandro and his wife Isabella refused to listen to his offer.

"I will give the girl a dowry of twenty thousand pesos," he blustered, furious at the quiet scorn in which they listened to him.

"Are you buying my son?" Isabella protested.

"There is always the practical side to consider," Luis said uncomfortably.

"It doesn't enter into this," Alejandro rose and walked pointedly toward the door. "You've come here in broad daylight on a supposedly friendly mission with a company of troops escorting you. Why?"

"Not to threaten you, I assure you," Luis showed his discomfiture as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "It's because of this Zorro fellow."

"Zorro is only a symptom," Alejandro said shortly. "This district is bleeding raw from your vile administration. I would never appear to condone it by a marriage between our families."

It was then Diego sauntered into the room and sank languidly down into a chair. "What is this fatiguing turmoil about?" he asked.

He tried to maintain that look of boredom when they told him, but his heart turned over at that first mention of her name. "How flattering," he smiled as he turned to his mother and father. "Why should that cause an argument on a warm day?"

His father looked at him appalled. "You'd marry into the family of this—this—"

"How can I tell until I see her?" Diego toyed with his words as deftly as he had ever parried with his sword. "After all, I'm not marrying His Excellency."

"But Diego," his mother protested. "You should consider your father's wishes in a matter of this sort."

"My dear mother," Diego leaned over and patted her hand, "I had no say in my father's marriage, why should he instruct me in mine?"

"Exactly," Luis smiled his approval as he rose. "Could you dine with us tonight,

Diego? We'll expect you at eight."

Never had the hands of a clock moved with such exasperating slowness. Diego could not still that wild clamoring in his heart. But when he appeared at last in the Alcade's drawing room, it was a languid young man who stood there, toying with the gold chain on which his quizzing glass was hung. And Lolita curtsying before him flushed as he held the glass to his eyes and looked her over as thoroughly as though she were a filly he was buying.

"You'll forgive me for being late, señora," he turned from Lolita to Inez, who had been watching them with still fury in her eyes. "They heated the water for my bath too early. It was positively tepid! By the time more was carried and properly scented—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Life can be trying, don't you think?"

Lolita was silent as he led her into the dining room and as she sat at the table hardly touching the food before her she knew she hated all of them, but most of all she hated this man she was to marry, this fool who even at the table was amusing them all with his sleight of hand tricks. Then Esteban turned the conversation to Zorro and the mention of his name was enough to bring Lolita back to life again, to send the color to her cheeks and the light to her eyes.

"This Zorro!" Diego shuddered. "As I rode here I fancied the cutthroat lurking in every shadow. I was positively unnerved."

"How distressing!" Lolita imitated Diego's bored drawl and made no attempt to hide the fury blazing from her eyes.

"You called her hero a cutthroat!" Inez explained laughingly as Diego pretended to look startled.

"Santa Maria!" He turned to Lolita. "Have you met the fellow?"

"I've never so much as seen his face," Lolita said coldly. "I happen to admire courage."

"Oh, my dear," Diego laughed deprecatingly. "Dashing about with a cutlas is quite out of fashion. It hasn't been done since the middle ages."

"He seems to be quite effective," Lolita said coldly. "He's like a lion among a lot of frightened sheep."

Dinner over, Diego asked for the dance. Then it was incredible but Lolita found her heart lifting, with his arms around her. Maybe it was the music, maybe it was that swaying rhythm of their bodies moving as one, maybe it was their hearts beating, a part of that music, a part of that rhythm.

"I never dreamed dancing could be so wonderful!" Lolita whispered.

"I found it fatiguing," Diego shrugged as he drew his lace handkerchief from his sleeve and mopped his forehead delicately. "This is a new one. Watch me closely." He crushed the handkerchief in his hand and when he opened it again the square of lace was gone. All the others applauded but Lolita's face looked as if it had turned to stone as she watched.

"If you'll excuse me, señor," she swept her uncle that hurried little curtsy and looked at him appealingly. "I wish to retire."

She was gone before he could forbid her to go and she wept as she undressed and crept into bed. Then she heard the knock on the door leading to her balcony and as she sat up startled she saw the man in the cape and the sombrero standing there. Zorro! Her heart told her who it was, even before she saw the mask shielding his eyes, and now there was only that wild singing in her heart as she slipped on her negligée and ran to open the door.

"I have a confession to make," he said. "I can't let this night end without telling you." Then he took off the mask and she saw he was Diego.

Her small hands clenched as she faced him. "You pretending to be Zorro!" She laughed contemptuously. "I don't care to hear anything you have to say!"

"I'm glad you took the advice I gave you in the chapel," Diego said. "About not hiding such beauty in a convent. For even in a temper, you're more lovely, more radiant than a morning in June."

"Zorro!" she whispered, and as his arms went about her she felt as if she were asleep and beginning to dream. For it had always been like this in those dreams, his arms holding her and his lips finding hers in the darkness.

"Having you think me a cowardly fop was more than I could bear," he said. "That's why I am here." He kissed her then and after he left she pressed her hand against her mouth as if she were trying to hold his kiss there forever.

Diego woke the next morning with the thought of Lolita stirring in his heart and all that day he thought of her so that when he saw her standing there in his mother's sitting room he felt at first as if in some magic way he had conjured her out of his dreams. But at Lolita's first words the singing gladness was gone from his heart. For she told him that Esteban had arrested Fray Felipe as Zorro when he found him giving money to the peons and had discovered the plunder hidden in the mission. He must do something, quickly, she begged, for Luis had decreed Felipe should die in the morning.

Luis' face was jubilant when Diego stood before him that short half an hour later. Then he blanched when a servant came in with the news that the wine cellar had been broken into and all the casks slashed with the great Z that told them Zorro was still free. As he stood there trembling Esteban came into the room.

"So you tried to get gold out of the country!" the Captain said, taking that menacing step toward Luis. "I wondered why our special tax fund was shrinking. Then I found the gold bars among the plunder when I arrested Fray Felipe this morning. If you ever again take one peso of mine I'll cut your throat from ear to ear!"

"I must ask you to change the subject,"



Here's how Eddie Albert, above left, grabs Rosemary Lane up in his arms for a clinch for "Four Mothers," in which they both have important rôles, but see what the after effects, above right, are. What's the matter, Rosemary, can't you take it?

Diego shuddered delicately. "His Excellency objects to talk of throat-cutting."

"Quiet, popinjay!" Esteban glowered at him. "I have no reason for letting you live!"

"What a pleasant coincidence," Diego laughed. "I have exactly the same feeling about you, Captain."

His hand went to his sword as Esteban lunged at him and in another moment the room rang to their steel. Over chairs they leaped, over the table that crashed before them. And as Luis watched, his eyes widened in sudden suspicion as he saw Diego's skill. Only one in Los Angeles had been known to hold a sword with that sure ease, and that one was Zorro. He looked at his boots then and saw the stain the mud from the cellar had left on them.

But he held his tongue. It would be to his advantage to have Esteban killed. Not only because of Inez, that was a little matter a man could deal with in his own way. But the Captain had become a danger now that he knew Luis had been stealing from him as well as the peons. So he waited for that last thrust when Esteban sank dying before he called in the sentries and ordered Diego taken to Fray Felipe's cell.

It was just before dawn that Diego and Felipe heard the shouting outside and the turnkey grinned as he told him that Luis had summoned all of Los Angeles, the peons, the caballeros, to attend the execution. And breaking against the shouting voices was the muffled beat of the drums and the clash of steel as the death guard arrived.

But Diego looked unconcerned as he took the Fray's prayer book and covering it with his handkerchief made it disappear before the turnkey's startled eyes. "That's nothing," Diego said with a shrug. "You should see me turn a copper coin into gold. That's my best trick."

He pretended to be amused when the turnkey begged him to change the worn centavo he drew out of his pocket into a gold piece, and he smiled languidly as he asked him to give it to him through the bars of the cell.

"Now I take your hand gently, in this fashion," Diego said putting his hand over the turnkey's. Then the man screamed in terror for Diego held him as if in a steel vise, jerking him against the bars with one hand and taking the gun from his holster with the other. With the gun pressed against his side the turnkey was forced to give over his keys, and Diego opening the cell forced the man into it and made him lie under one of the low cots.

The shouting was nearer now. Diego looked up to see the procession coming toward him, Luis first with two of his officers, then his father at the head of the caballeros.

"Diego!" his father said in astonishment, turning furiously to Luis. "What idiotic joke is this? Zorro is a man. This is my worthless, trick-playing offspring."

"Have you seen this one, father?" Diego laughed. And before any of them could do anything but stand there gaping he had opened the door to his cell and yanked Luis into it.

"Zorro!" The caballeros shouted and now that they had a leader, their old spirit came back to them. As one man they fought with Diego.

When it was over Luis was no longer Alcade and in his place stood Alejandro, his eyes glistening with his pride as he looked at his son.

And so it was that Luis and Inez left on the ship leaving for Spain that evening. But Diego felt no longing for that distant country as he stood with Lolita. California! What better place was there in the world, he thought. California, where a man could marry and raise fat children and watch his vineyards grow!



In this bright corner of the Ameche living room you see some of the gay flowered chintzes and the mahogany breakfront which holds more of Mrs. Ameche's porcelain pieces.

Mrs. Ameche Talks About Don

Continued from page 31

is a surprise. I find myself anticipating his arrival with the keenest interest, and being pliant, I unconsciously swing into his mood immediately, whatever it may be. Perhaps he'll suggest dressing up and stepping out to a night spot; or taking a swift drive along the beach; or having guests in, or again, just staying home by ourselves. But whatever we do, we have fun! Maybe that's the reason we are congenial; we never have to prod ourselves into a response. We meet spontaneously, completely, at every point. And we can always laugh together. This, I believe, is a supreme test.

"We had no radical adjustments to make when we were married because we had known each other from our early teens. Don was fourteen, I was two years younger, when Father Sheehy, a professor at Columbia College and a great friend of my family, brought him over to our house one evening. There was a crowd of young people around, yet we quickly discovered we liked each other very much. It wasn't particularly sentimental for we were a little young for that, but during the years that followed we developed a remarkable understanding, even though months might pass without our seeing each other. But growing up together, as it were, may have leveled some of the hazards."

It was eight years after their meeting, when Don signed his first radio contract in Chicago, that they called on their friend, Father Sheehy, to marry them, and they settled down in a tiny suburban apartment. Now Don had never been burning up with an absorbing ambition, neither had he set his heart on fame, or yearned for great wealth. He had an intense desire—and still has it—of living fully, and being happy, *today!* It is amazing how his entire career seemed to happen accidentally, step by step, without any apparent guidance from him. Now, at thirty, he has won most of the rewards life can bestow.

A midnight phone call, five years ago, asking if he would fly to Hollywood the next day for a rôle in the picture, "Sins of Man," really changed Don's life. Three hours after his arrival he was facing the

cameras at Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, and his screen career was being launched.

"A month later, when he signed a contract," said Honey, "I came out. We had Donnie, two years old, and three-months-old Ronnie, and though we had never lived in the country, we decided that San Fernando Valley, with its space, its equable climate, would be the ideal spot to rear our sons. Now that there are two more, Tommy, a year old, and Lonnie, the new baby, we feel we made a wise decision—for here within our five acres they live a wholesome, free life. And we've become ranchers at heart, loving the soil and watching things grow."

"Four sons, what a glorious achievement!" I exclaimed. And what courage, I thought to myself, for Honey has gone down into the shadow each time as they were all Caesarian births.

She laughed easily. "We both approve of large families and are proud of our brood. Before the last one came I think Don secretly hoped it would be a curly-headed little sister to play with the boys, so I told him if it should be another son, we'd wait a while, then adopt two little girls."

"Don has a beautiful disposition," Honey went on. "He's always the same, and always well-balanced no matter what comes up. He's strict with the children, a real disciplinarian, but he's fair, and the boys adore him. I'm inclined to be too lenient, but I never interfere when he's correcting them. Our second son, Ronnie, is his Daddy all over. He's mischievous and has a flair for getting into trouble. And he can always grin himself out of it."

"Don's made twenty-one pictures since coming to Hollywood and most of this time he's carried on his NBC broadcasts, so I've taken over the responsibilities of the home, but I've encountered few difficulties. I employ young people in their early twenties because they take orders more readily, and because they put enthusiasm and imagination into their work. Our cook, who is twenty-three, has been with us five years. She does all the cooking, baking and ordering, and that's some job in *this* family, for we never know when dinner will be

Beginning Judy Garland's Gay Life Story

Continued from page 23



More colorful chintzes and more of Honoré's exquisite Dresden porcelain items and other collectors' objects may be seen in this cheery spot of the master bedroom.

served, nor how many may be here.

"Sunday is our busiest, and our happiest day. Everybody is up early and we all pile into the station wagon to attend the nearby parish church. Then, we have luncheon with the children, the only time during the week this is possible because of Don's irregular hours. The day usually winds up with from twenty to thirty relatives and friends, gathered around an informal supper table.

"We both love having people with us. Don was one of eight children and many of his brothers and sisters live near us, while Father and Mother Ameche have a place just around the corner so the children can visit them every day."

As we roamed over the house, a little later, I discovered the children have their rooms, including a dining room of their own on the first floor. The entire second floor belongs exclusively to Don and Honoré—it is their own private castle and gives them a freedom seldom attained in family life. In the large bedroom which they share is Honey's one hobby—a collec-

tion of Dresden porcelains. Arranged on a quaint Dresden perfume cabinet are priceless specimens, while on a table below, is a lamp made out of a Dresden cookie jar—her real prize.

Don's hobby is his extensive wardrobe. Being so busy, he turns his shopping over to his wife and she buys everything for him except his suits. Samples for these are sent to him and he joyously mulls over them for hours before making a selection. Along with her other talents, Honey does exquisite needlework and Don's dozens and dozens of fine linen handkerchiefs bear an original monogram which she thought up herself, of his initials, D. F. A., embroidered on a musical scale as notes.

"A natural gambler, Don bets on everything," said Honey, "and he plays the races and loves poker. It's the excitement of the game that thrills him, however, and he's as delighted over trivial winnings as the larger ones.

"He's emotional, with all the finest Italian sentiments. You know, his father came from Italy. Don's a real wop, too, in his fondness for red-hot seasoning and garlic on his food. I had to learn all this, just as Mother Ameche did when she married Don's father, but as we both love to cook, we have become experts.

"Don's intensely active, bubbling with a nervous energy that's geared to top speed. He can't relax and goes until he is utterly exhausted, then drops into bed. He can't sit still long enough to read a book and I doubt if he's read one through in the last five years. He'll read a few pages, then hand it over to me, asking that I tell him about it. His latest excitement is flying. We are both learning to be pilots and will buy a plane. I believe this will come nearer to satisfying his demand for speed than anything ever has.

"He loves his work, both radio and screen, and he sincerely believes that good entertainment is necessary to normal living these days. He says he can never become disillusioned as long as he can help build illusions for other people—the shut-ins, and those lonely and unhappy."

It was fun visiting with Honoré. She is wonderfully attractive; sparkling, gay, feminine, and so capable. Little wonder she fills Don's world completely. Success has come early to the Ameches. Yet they are the same unspoiled, friendly, happy people they were when they first started out to face the world together. It's a joy to make a record of this!

me that your first feeling about me was one of—terrible Disappointment! Because, having had two small daughters already, Suzanne and Virginia, naturally you and Daddy wanted some *novelty* in your children and just hoped and *prayed* that I would be a boy! You terribly wanted me to be a boy, you've said, you planned for me to be a boy, you even named me Francis Gumm, Jr., after Daddy. And then, not only did I turn out to be, NOT the answer to your prayers, but just another little girl, for Pete's sake. Also I was as red as an Indian, you said, and the reddest, *homeliest* baby anyone ever saw! You just made the best of it by changing the "i" to "e" and naming me Frances, anyway!

I was three months old (how often you've told me this, Mom!) when you first noticed what you called "the first signs of talent" in me—you always sang to me when you rocked me to sleep, you've told me, and you noticed that when you sang just sort of usual songs, like *Baby's Shoes* or *Rockabye, Baby*, I'd go smack off to sleep. When you sang sort of rollicking, spirited, "Yo, Ho" songs, I'd gurgle and bat my eyes and flip my hands around as though I was telling the Sand Man to scat! And when you sang sad songs, especially *In The Gloaming* or *The End of a Perfect Day*, I'd cry. I'd cry real, wet sobby tears!

That's how you first knew, you say, that I was "sensitive to music." Well, be that as it may, certainly my first sort of large, blurry memory is of music, music all the time, music all over the house. "We shall have music wherever we go" should have been the Gumm motto! I can remember how you and Daddy and Suzanne and Jinnie sang—in the bathtub, at meals, at your housework, as well as in the theater, of course. Daddy had a *beautiful* voice. Anyway, you've always insisted that my response to music "showed" abnormally early and was abnormally acute. And as it makes me feel rather "special" I like to think you were right—you always are, Mom, and that's not gross flattery!

The "First Tooth" is also one of your favorite "baby" stories about me. I was four months old to the day, it seems, and you had invited guests for dinner. And I made the dinner hour hideous by yowling my lungs out, *not* musically, and continued throughout the evening! When you couldn't stand it any longer, you gave me a thorough "searching" and discovered that I had cut, not my first tooth, but my first *teeth*! The two uppers had come through. Mom always tells people, "She was doing things double, even then!"

My First Word, I believe, was uttered at the ripe, old age of nine months. And the family was unimpressed because it seemed to be the very banal, baby word "Goo." Then, Daddy noticed that whenever I said "Goo" or whatever it was, I always proceeded to *do* something, like throwing my rattle at the cat or putting a glass ornament in my mouth, and then they all realized that I was not saying "Goo" but "Do." (I still think that's a debatable point, Mom, but have it your own way!)

I took my First Step at the age of eleven months, Baby-Book History records. Previous to that first step, I've been told, I managed to get around by hitching myself across the floor, delicately balanced on one hip bone! Even my doting parents couldn't make anything precocious out of that!

My First Interest, it seems, was in pic-



Don Ameche plays the romantic lead opposite Betty Grable in "Down Argentine Way."



Charles Winninger plays Judy Garland's father in "Little Nellie Kelly," based on the George M. Cohan musical stage success, and starring Judy. The two have many good comedy and dramatic scenes together in the picture, from which the above scene is taken.

ture books. Well, I can believe that. I've always been crazy about books. And I can remember for myself that my first real favorite was the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. Right now, I'm reading "Mein Kampf" and finding it pretty tough going, too. But I honestly think that if we want to understand what's going on in Europe and how it got like this, we should read the book!

I never played with dolls, *never*. I'm told that when I was a mere infant, I'd make horrible faces if anyone just handed me a doll. And I remember myself that my first really nice doll was given me by Mary Pickford when I won the Herald-Express' "Better Babies" Contest. I think I was two and a half or something like that. I don't remember the contest but I do remember that the Great, Big Beautiful Doll sat in my playroom along with other, not-so-elegant, dolls and that I thought it was just a piece of bric-a-brac, not something to play with. I think I know why I hated dolls, they reminded me of little, *dead* people! All cold and still. I liked live, warm, cuddly things. I still do. The first toys I ever really played with, I remember, really *used*, were a toy piano and a toy xylophone. I never had a piano lesson in my life but I liked to bang on that toy piano.

I'm not sure whether I really remember my first Public Appearance or whether

I've just heard Mom and Daddy talk about it so often that I think I remember. I do remember that I sang *Jingle Bells* and that I chose that song my own self. I do remember it was Christmas week and I was about three years old, and that I wore a white dress which Mom made for me and that Suzanne and Jinnie (I always called Virginia, Jinnie) pinned sprigs of holly all over it, even where I sat down! And of course I remember, Mom, how you taught us three kids lots of songs. And you've told me that I amazed you by my persistence in making trios out of duets (so that I could be included in with my sisters!) and by my quickness in catching onto tricks and phrases. Anyway, so the Family Saga goes, when the curtains parted on this First Appearance on Any Stage of Baby Frances Gumm, there I stood, and when the orchestra gave me my cue, I started to sing, without a moment's hesitation or the slightest sign of shyness. You insist that I kept perfect pitch, perfect time, and didn't miss a word!

Well, when the chorus ended, so far as the orchestra was concerned, and it was time for me to bow off gracefully, I did nothing of the kind. I started the song all over again! Again it ended. Again I had other ideas. And after five verses and four choruses, Daddy had to march out on the stage, pick up his infant daughter and carry

her into the wings amid quote tumultuous applause end quote! "I wanna sing ~~some more~~," I kept protesting. I remember Daddy telling me this—"I wanna sing some more," and he said he was sure my voice could be heard out front long after I'd vanished, on his shoulder, into the fringe of canvas Christmas trees.

That was amateur night, too, by the way. And I won the first prize. And Daddy wouldn't let me accept the prize because it was his theater and he said it was like a hostess not accepting the prize at her own party! That always sort of stuck in my mind and I thought to myself, "Huh, I'll win prizes some day, prizes I can accept!"

Anyway, that was my first heady draught of applause. I loved it then, apparently, and I've always loved it. Between you and me, folks, I think it's the *most* beautiful music in the whole world! And it can come in different ways, too, not only the sound of hands clapping, but in fan letters, good reviews, the shine in your director's eyes when you've done a good scene, lots of ways.

My first memory of my Mom and Dad is watching them doing their singing and dancing act as I sat in an orchestra seat between Suzanne and Jinnie. Especially, I remember hearing my mother sing, *I'm Saving for a Rainy Day*. That has always been my favorite song. I used to cry when she sang it. I still do.

I remember how Daddy always arranged the bill in his theater so that our acts followed one another. I mean, Mom and Dad would do their act first and we girls would sit in the audience and applaud. Then we would go on and do our trio singing and Mom and Daddy would sit out front and applaud *us*. That was my first practical lesson of the theater—that it *takes only one good friend to start the ball rolling*.

I have other First Memories of my Mom and Dad, too—especially how hard they worked for us—how my mother not only accompanied us on the piano but also made all our costumes, sometimes sewing all night long, and also arranged our music for us and also took care of our theatrical bookings. And Daddy did all the business end of things, took charge of the box office and our travelling arrangements and so on. And then, after all their back-of-the-scenes work was done, they'd get out there on the stage and do their act, fresh and peppy as kids! I don't think there's anything in the world so folksy as a Family Act. It really is "all for one and one for all."

And most of all, I remember how Dad introduced Mother to the audiences. He was so proud of her tiny hands. Like little, quick birds, they were, I always thought. Anyway, Dad would always do his short dance routine first and then he'd step forward to the footlights and hold up his hand for silence and say, "I want to introduce a tiny, pretty lady with tiny, pretty hands!"

Maybe it sounds kind of corny now, but it always brought a lump into my throat and tears into my eyes when I was a kid. And it still does, when I think about it, now that I'm eighteen.

I guess you *always* remember your First Best Friend. Margaret Shook was my First Friend. I didn't know until long after we'd left Grand Rapids that Mardie, I always called her Mardie, was the daughter of a maid who had worked for us before I was born. I remember how Daddy taught Mardie and me to sing *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and how he'd play it and we'd stand on the front steps and sing it and we'd make our kitten and puppy and lop-eared rabbit and trained duck stand at attention, too! Once Mardie threw red pepper in my eyes—remember, Mardie?—it was by mistake, of course—and I thought I was blind. Long after the sting had gone out of my eyes I went around making believe I was blind. I guess I liked the attention it got me. I always

liked the spotlight, I'm afraid. I've always felt at home in it, like sitting by the fire-side, cosy. And I remember that my First Punishment was being stood in a corner. I may as well admit to you now, Mom, that it was no *punishment*! In fact, I got a Kick out of it. It got so that I'd do something naughty deliberately-on-purpose and then I'd go and stand in a corner under my own steam! Because I *liked* standing in a corner. Because it was, in a manner of speaking, also standing in the spotlight! Suzanne and Jinnie would be so impressed when they saw me standing there, they'd sort of tip-toe around.

Well, I certainly remember my First Tour! We left Grand Rapids soon after I was three. I can remember hearing Mother and Dad talking about how California would be the best and healthiest place to bring up three small girls. I remember all the talk about Dad selling his theater in Grand Rapids and his plans for buying a new one in California. Being practical people, and vaudevillians, we decided to make one night stands along the road on the way out. That's when I began to be The Pest of the Act. Being the smallest of the three, I always stood on the stage between the girls, with an arm around each sister. And I'd tickle first one and then the other! I broke up the act entirely. They'd just go to pieces but I'd go right on singing! Jinnie thought it was rather funny but Suzanne would chase me all over and around back-stage, trying to catch me and spank me.

Sometimes we played jokes on the orchestra, too—and then one night, the orchestra turned the tables on us. We had to stand very near to the footlights, you see, being so little—and this bunch of boys got a very bright idea and *they all ate garlic* and the fumes nearly *asphyxiated us*! But that was nothing to what our First Audience did to us when we first played in California—it was in a small theater in a small northern town, I remember, and before we'd half finished our first song, the entire house *walked out on us*! That was the night Dad decided that the theater was not for us. And that walk-out was my First Introduction to California audiences!

Well, then we settled in Lancaster, California, and Daddy got his theater nearby. I think the first special thing I remember about Lancaster is when I did my first school play there. I must have been about four and a half, I think. Anyway, I was a *dwarf* and I had pillows stuffed all over me. At the end of our act, I was surprised to see the curtain go down before we, The Players, had taken any bows. What kind of a thing was *this*, I thought?—so I just went right out in front of the curtain and started to bow like mad and I just stayed out there, bowing and bowing, and then I had to crawl in under the curtain to get back again! I should have been mortified but I'm told that I wasn't.

My first "starring" rôle was also in a school play in Lancaster. I forget whether it was given by the dramatic school I attended for a while or the public school, but anyway, I was "Mrs. Goldilocks" and I wore a huge monument of a blonde wig. I had to swing back and forth in a rope swing under some canvas trees and in my zeal of enthusiasm, I swung so hard that I hit one of the back-drops and *knocked my wig off*! And there sat "Mrs. Goldilocks" with little, brown wisps for hair. They never gave me a starring rôle again! Oh, and as if I can *ever* forget the time I appeared in a school recital in the auditorium of the public school where Suzanne and Jinnie were going! The place was packed. Behind the scenes, my mother held my dress for me. I can see it to this day, a white dress, all ruffles, with panties attached so it would be easy for me to slip into with one motion—well, just as Mom was holding



Joyce Compton romances with Walter Pidgeon, above, even though she has a string tied to her finger as a reminder to marry her beau, who doesn't happen to be Walter. It's a scene from "Sky Murder," latest in the NICK CARTER adventures series.

it ready for me to step into, I heard the opening bars of my number and I rushed out onto the stage, *stark naked*!

I must say that I began my professional career as an ill-starred star. Like when I was five I became one of The Meglin Kiddies. And the next Public Appearance I made was in one of their revues in a Los Angeles theater. To us, a Los Angeles theater meant what the Palace did to Broadway. It was the Big Time! And not only was I in several of the ensembles but also, dressed as a Cupid, with bow and arrow and quivers in a silver case, I was to deliver myself of a solo, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*. And then, again, Disaster! For I awoke on the eventful morning with a cold sore, a sty on my right eye and the horrible results of my First Permanent almost totally disabling me. I couldn't see, my eye was practically shut, my mouth was swollen with the cold sore, and my hair looked like *Topsy's* after a pillow fight. We spent the day frantically trying first aid remedies and I kept my fingers crossed wishing—but you can't wish sties and cold sores away, nor permanents, either, they run their appointed courses. Anyway, Mom says that I showed then, for the first time, that the old "the Show must go on" slogan was in my bones because—a very sorry looking Cupid did the blind staggers onto the stage. I couldn't even get the quivers

out of my case on account of how I couldn't see to get them out!

But I've always said that. I was born under a Lucky Star, somewhere Over the Rainbow—because that night Gus Edwards was in the audience and he came back-stage and told my mother that my sisters and I should resume our trio singing—"With her ear," he said, "nothing musical is beyond her." I remember his exact words on account of how I thought he mentioned my ear because my ears were the only parts of me that were not disfigured!

It was soon after that that The Gumm Sisters got their first Professional Engagement at the Biltmore Theater in L. A. Boy, did we celebrate! We always celebrated every Big, First Occasion at our house. That night we had ice-cream and store cake and lemon pop and candy. We were Big Time! Well, sir, we even had a private dressing room *with maid service*. I kept asking the maid to go and get me ice-cream sodas and chewing gum, I didn't know what else to ask her for. I still send people out to get me ice-cream sodas and chewing gum when I'm working. Well, we were all so happy and elated we didn't even think to ask what our salaries would be. Mom had bought all three of us new dresses. I remember them so well because they were our first *bought* dresses. And all our friends came to the theater. Mom and

Dad-sat in the front row of the orchestra to get the applause going. And we got a lot of it, too. Lovely waves of it!

I guess that was the first time I ever had a conscious, sort of *formed* ambition to Be Someone. I never thought of going in movies, never once in my life. But I did think, I'm going to be a Singer! I did think, I'm going to have lots of pretty clothes some day and a lovely house and a red automobile! They always say "As a man thinks" . . . well, I say that "As a *little girl thinks*" because I have them, now, the pretty clothes, my own house, even the red automobile!

But Pride certainly goeth, at times, before an awful belly-whopper—for that night, when we opened our pay envelopes after the show, we found *fifty cents apiece, in each!* So that was my First Pay-Check—FIFTY CENTS! And Mom had paid \$10.00 each for our dresses. I said "Are we bankrupt"? And Daddy laughed and said, "No, but I guess Woman's Place is In The Home—and in school, for you three!"

Buddy West—well, Mister West, I certainly remember *you!* You certainly belong among my Important Firsts on account of how you were the first boy I ever noticed, and I *hated you!* Maybe Dr. Freud and the psychologists would say that I was having an "over-reaction" but I called it just plain hating you—in fact, I hated all boys after you, for ages, well, for *months*—I remember how, when Daddy would reminisce, saying "when I was a boy—" I'd say, passionately, "you weren't a boy, you weren't ever a nasty little boy!" You gave me my First Black Eye, Mister West, sir, if you care. You threw a stone at me and gave me the pip of a shiner! Mom laughed at me when I came home with the black beacon. She was very wise with me, my Mom, she always laughed off the little, hurtful things that happened to me. So that I wouldn't take misfortune, or myself, too seriously.

But the girls certainly knew how to make my life miserable. Whenever they wanted to tease me, they'd go around yodeling a little ditty they reworded. I can still remember every horrid word of it. It went like this:

"Frances is mad and I am glad,
And I know how to tease her,
A bottle of wine to make her shine,
And Buddy West to squeeze her!"

Ugh, I can get a cactus spine even now, when I think of it! But I got back at you, Mister West, *if you recall.* One day we were having a fire drill in school. I had an all-day sucker in my hand. We got in line and you tried to kiss me and I hit you in the face with the all-day sucker and it *stuck* there! Gosh, did *you* look funny!

I really had my First Heartbreak in Lancaster, too. I had quite a Hard Time there, really, in many ways. The kind of ways that hurt kids something fierce. When the neighborhood mothers heard that I'd been on the stage, that I was a "Theatrical Child," none of the children would play with me. Gee, they were mean to me, awful mean. Like I had a lot of costumes up in the attic, of course, real stage costumes and lots of times, especially Hallowe'en, they'd all come to my house, so sweet, sugar wouldn't melt in their mouths, and they'd borrow costumes from me. And then, when they'd got what they wanted, they'd ditch me, leave me sitting alone in my costume. It almost broke my heart.

I never learned—hopefully I'd take the kids to Dad's theater night after night, for free. I'd buy them all candy and gum, Vera Shrimp, her little sister, Ardis Shrimp, Muggsy Ming, Laurana Blankenship (did you ever hear such names!) and the others—and they'd grab the candy and the tickets

and then they'd scuttle in and leave me standing there, alone! Those little SHRIMPS! I'd think, fiercely, and never know how funny it was.

And of course I remember my First Fashion Show. Daddy was putting on a Fashion Show at his theater and Mom made me a frilly costume and fixed up an enormous frilly hat box which was to be carried out on the stage with me in it. I was to come out, all bowing and smiling, but—my "friends" had turned up and they gave me the Bronx Cheer and what I mean is, they put their hearts in it! I started to cry, right then and there. You and the girls were out front, Mom, making signs to me not to mind. But I did mind. And Daddy was *furious*. No one could make me cry when *he* was around. I was such a "Daddy's Girl"—so he just walked down the aisle of the theater and announced that "the rude, young people would please get out of the theater, get their money refunded at the

a few Grim Detours; but nevertheless, I was On My Way.

Well, it was not so very long after our "financial crisis" at the Biltmore Theater that a theater manager in Chicago offered "The Gumm Sisters" an engagement at the Oriental Theater in Chicago, with, he said, our names in electric lights! That's what got us, especially me! Applause and electric lights—yummy! Daddy didn't want us to go but after lots of coaxing and teasing he finally consented; the family exchequer yielded new dresses again, and The Gumm Sisters accompanied by their mother set forth to conquer the world!

I remember how I could hardly *wait* to get to Chicago to see our names in electric lights. That's all we talked about, all the way across the country. On opening night we got to the theater an hour and a half before opening time just so we could stand there and GLOAT! What's more, we took a *taxicab*, feeling that no extravagance was



Gary Cooper welcomed J. Warren Kerrigan, star of silent films, when Kerrigan visited the set of Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," which co-stars Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck.

box office from the cashier, and stay out!"

Then there was the time when I was going to the Professional School—Jinnie and I. Frankie Darro was in my class and that mortal boy spent every mortal minute whispering to me. One day the teacher grabbed Frankie by the back of his neck, while holding a croquet mallet in her hand. I piped up, "Atta girl!" and she hit me over the head with the mallet! I don't know what she was doing with a croquet mallet and I don't know why she hit *me* when I was taking up for her! But she did. And Jinnie was furious. She took me home right then and there and I never did go back!

Of course, I had *some* fun in Lancaster—now and then the two Shrimps would come over, or some of the others, and we'd play my favorite game of Kick The Can, in our backyard. I was a tomboy sort of a little girl, I guess. I never much cared how I looked. I was too busy kicking the can and ringing doorbells to care about clothes—we rang doorbells *every* night, whether it was Hallowe'en or not. But just the same, I *do* remember my first Party Dress. Blue chiffon it was, accordion pleated, with little rosebuds just growing all over it!

I believe that when I changed my name, or rather when Mr. George Jessel changed it for me, that was the first real turn of the Wheel of Fortune for me! I believe in numerology. And I believe that the name Judy Garland is right for me—so I date my Beginning As An Actress from my Second Christening. Of course, there were to be

too great for this Great Moment. But when we got there, it wasn't "The Gumm Sisters" we saw, winking at us over the marquee, but—"The GLUM SISTERS!" The adjective "glum" was certainly appropriate to our mood for the rest of that evening.

But, once again, my Lucky Star did its stuff—this time it brought me a new, good friend and a new name. George Jessel was playing on the bill with us. George Knew How It Was. He tried to comfort the forlorn, sort of damp little trio that we were. He took me on his knee and told me I was "as pretty as a garland of flowers"—and then I remember how he stopped dead in his verbal tracks, so to speak, and exclaimed "Garland! Garland is a lovely name for you, little one, and they can't kick it around—how about changing your name to Garland?"

I said, "Yes. And Judy, I want Judy for a first name—let's name me Judy Garland!" So that very night, then and there, backstage, "Baby Frances Gumm" became Judy Garland.

We wired Daddy that night. I signed the wire "Judy Garland" and he wired back. "Have you lost your mind?" and I said to Mom. "Wire him back and say 'No, but I've found a name!'"

But the Fates are pretty funny old girls. I guess, and not very quick at doing a right-about-face. It took them quite some time to realize that they shouldn't treat Judy Garland quite so disrespectfully as they had been treating Baby Frances Gumm.

"Virginia"

Continued from page 51

tive town's initial skepticism began to dissolve, however, as soon as the advance guard arrived in search of suitable Jeffersonian mansions and Blue Ridge Mountain locations, against which their stars could be photographed in Technicolor. When the troupe of 150 grips, technicians and players moved in, the townfolk did an about-face, and did all but hand over keys to the city.

Hollywood glamor, however, was not the open sesame to Charlottesville goodwill. It was the courtesy and "folksiness" of the Paramount group that won the Virginia hearts. In business and social relations the natives found in the film folk the same realness Director Griffith had discovered long before in Virginians. The company was quartered in the Hotel Monticello, Farmington Country Club, and Piedmont Manor, the latter used exclusively for the press. A taxi fleet was leased as well as a catering service for location lunches.

Whether from tactful respect of private lives or plain timidity, autograph hunters made themselves scarce when stars Carroll and MacMurray visited Main Street. No gnawing doubts about slipping in public favor haunted the players when they were left alone to shop for antiques and souvenirs.

Although confined to a strict working schedule during the week, Miss Carroll did pretty much what she pleased on Sundays. When word spread that Hollywood's lovely lady could be seen at mass at the Church of the Holy Comforter, attendance increased. Pleased at the sudden piety of his parishioners, the priest sent Miss Carroll a note, thanking her for setting such a good example.

Following her first Sunday at mass, the star found her taxi missing, but three friendly young women offered her a lift to the Farmington Country Club, where she was staying. This became a standing date for the duration of location.

When the British-born star received word of the safety of 200 French orphans quartered at her chateau, she asked the Catholic father to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Delivery of supplies to these youngsters had been one of the main objectives of a recent trip to the war zones of Europe, which she fled by Atlantic Clip-

per in time to begin work on "Virginia."

It was a happy day for Miss Carroll and the entire location troupe when she received word through diplomatic channels that her French aviator was alive and safe in Morocco. All attempts to locate the young soldier, who some say is Captain Richard de la Rozier, during her European trip failed completely. Frantically she awaited word from or about him, but only a dead silence greeted her. She returned to America at the last possible moment before the picture went into production after accomplishing little, only heightening her anxiety. Couldn't that prayer of thanksgiving at the little Church of the Holy Comforter have been for him too?

Early to bed, early to rise being the credo of a star's location trip, the players were forced to regret numerous invitations from local gentry. Dinner at the rectory, however, was one of Miss Carroll's rare social engagements.

Location or no location, she was determined to do her bit for her native land even if it was only appearing for a short talk at a "Bundles for Britain" reception at the Farmington Club. Her only other public appearance was on a CBS Vox Pop program with MacMurray, Stirling Hayden, Marie Wilson, and Tom Rutherford.

No recluse, but a fisherman, that chap MacMurray was hard to get unless you followed his moccasin tracks to the river. Carelessly dressed in blue jeans from the studio wardrobe, Fred perched every free moment on the banks of the James or Rivanna Rivers, angling for catfish. During the first 10 days of location, Fred's stunning missus, Lillian Lamont, kept him company, but anxious to begin cuddling their newly adopted baby, Susan, Mrs. MacMurray took a plane for the coast, leaving Fred to his fish.

"Fred can have his fishing," Miss Carroll said when asked about her Sunday afternoon pleasures, "but I have my sun baths on the Farmington roof and sometimes I sneak off for a picnic in the hills."

Picnic partner Stirling Hayden, blond six-foot-four-inch Griffith discovery, found Madeleine a sympathetic teacher (she's a former school marm, you know) as well as an entrancing companion. Enthusiastic about receiving pointers from such an experienced actress Stirling remarked, "Madeleine has been swell—goes over the script and helps me work out the more difficult scenes with her. She's grand, really."

This attractive newcomer, skyrocketed to national movie fame overnight, feels as if he needs sound advice on his difficult rôle of *Norman Williams*, Yankee invader and MacMurray's rival. But if Paramount's white hope was nervous on facing the cameras for the first time, he kept his jitters well under control. Searching for new faces, Griffith had discovered Hayden this spring on the verge of putting to sea. For eight years the ocean had been hiding Hayden from talent scouts and the film public. Well-known in the yachting fraternity, Hayden remembers adventures, which would make Errol Flynn pale. His exploits as a sailor, filling six scrapbooks, include the thrill of owning the ex-Kaiser's schooner, *Aldebaran*, as well as voyages around the world, to Tahiti and fishing off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

All that is behind him now, leaving for press agents and newshounds exciting copy money can't buy. Yesterday made the Gloucester, Mass., youth what he is today, but today will make him what he is tomorrow. He isn't wasting daylight, either. Since he signed his contract in June, this rather magnificent young man has thrown all his energy into trimming his physique down to 190 pounds from 215 and learning something about acting.

News and magazine correspondents begging for interviews have so far failed to turn Stirling's head. He tells them acting is easier than working, but who'd believe that? In spite of his boyish sophistication, Stirling hasn't yet mastered a movie hero's small talk, but he doesn't need it. Hayden admitted to this writer he found most interviewers interesting people, but sometimes he couldn't always "give"—would rather do his talking after he's had a look at "Virginia," then he can decide for himself whether acting or yachting is the life for him.

Stirling, like MacMurray, has a quality of frankness, making them both tops with hatcheck girls, State cops, debutantes and bankers. Hayden's all right—even if he does wear a *pareu* (sarong) instead of pajamas.

It was a lucky day for townspeople when they could talk Paramount into giving them location passes. After receiving passes, finding the location was another story. Director Griffith, Bill Flannery, art director, and Dan Keefe, business manager, had combed the countryside for Jeffersonian houses suitable to the script. It was on the dusty road to



Gloria Jean prefers dogs as pets and her favorite is this cute wire-haired terrier.



Whenever Jane Wyman finds a stray kitten, she takes it home, makes it a pet.



Rosemary Lane always adopts orphaned kittens, too, and personally cares for them.



James Roosevelt introduced the Mills Panoram Soundies, a new type of motion picture entertainment at a preview party recently. Mills Panoram is a coin-operated machine which works automatically upon the insertion of a dime, and the Soundies are the films which Mr. Roosevelt is producing for the machines. The reels have eight subjects and run three minutes each. Above, Hugh Herbert and Binnie Barnes pictured at the preview with Jimmy.

Monticola that location-seekers became confused. Even native sons of Albemarle County marveled at Griffith's exploratory genius—discovering the lost Jeffersonian house, Monticola.

In 1825, the year before his death, Jefferson drew the plans for the mountain-top house for one of his daughters. For well over a half a century, Monticola has been the home of white-haired Miss Emily Nolting. In return for a rental of several thousand dollars, Paramount had complete use of the grounds and permission to age the exterior. The latter permission was obtained almost too late, as Miss Nolting, not realizing the script called for a decrepit old place, prettied up the grounds and building before Hollywood came to call! Forthwith, a de-glamorizing process got under way, converting the structure into run-down *Duntery*, which *Charlotte Duntery* (Madeleine Carroll) inherits. Aging, easy-peeling paint was daubed on the walls and new shutters, whose slats were broken out. A double stairway of old brick from a nearby ruin was constructed, and weeds planted in the cracked plaster. All in all the house was made to inspire Miss Carroll's script exclamation, "Why, it's a dump," when she sees the place for the first time.

Naturally, Monticola was restored to its former dignity after the sequences were shot. Incidentally, Miss Emily insisted that the "old" stairway remain as a memento of Monticola's movie career.

Location at Monticola belongs to annals of filmdom's freak difficulties. The terrific July heat inspired tree locusts, affectionately called jarflies, to begin their July concert. Rubbing their legs against their wings, the insect fiddlers produced grating crescendos, cutting across the dialogue on the sound track. Paramount master-minds clubbed together on ways and means of silencing the expensive melodies of the katydids. It was still no go, after firing shot guns, using high frequency whistles, spraying with insecticides, calling in a half-dozen crack entomologists, sending boys up trees, *ad infinitum*. One wiseacre, noticing that the tree symphony ceased after a shower, hit upon the idea of a fire engine. On the condition that Madeleine Carroll and the entire troupe would drop everything to become fire fighters if his place should burn, neighbor R. A. Van Clief donated his private fire engine to the

troupe. Deceived by the illusion of rain, the jarflies allowed the filming to progress.

The oven-like heat wave worked a man-size electric fan overtime, drying out perspiring actors and grips. In spite of the killing weather, two persons remained cool, Miss Carroll and Mr. Griffith. Fred MacMurray, flirting with the fan every spare moment, remarked ironically, "You know, it must be hot today—I just saw a trace of perspiration on Madeleine's upper lip."

The secret to the Carroll-Griffith keep-cool combine was Madeleine's insistence on hot tea every 30 minutes. Balancing their cups, the two of them chatted about this and that while their Rome burned. So much of a "Must" was her tea that special taxis were dispatched from town with refilled thermos of the steaming beverage.

The star's admirable self-composure was destroyed for all time when a bee found her left hip a juicy morsel. The company had the last laugh when they heard her shrieking for the nurse. Hips have haunted Madeleine in this picture. Rather an Achilles heel. First it was the right hip vaccinated by the United States Public Health Service when she returned in July by Clipper from Lisbon; second, *l'affaire* bee; and third, the script calls for her to bare her right hip to her old *Mammy*, played by Louise Beavers, who is searching for an identifying clover-shaped birth mark. (Incidentally those hips are some 10 pounds slimmer since Madeleine's last picture.)

The hurry and flurry—all done in whispers at Monticola fascinated live-alone-and-like-it Miss Emily, who held court daily in a rocking chair. One of 12 children, Miss Nolting has a family clan which could fill Rhode Island. Knowing of their kinswoman's grandstand seat, Noltings arrived in droves for their annual visit. The old lady who had lived pretty much alone for the past quarter-century with her oil lamps, was never much of a visitor herself, having only a horse and buggy for transportation, but overnight she became the belle of Albemarle County.

A misunderstood statement stemming from a neighborly visit almost prompted a call from the county sheriff. Word got around that nude women were doing a strip-tease in Miss Emily's parlor. Script (not strip) girl, Lee Frederic, is a hard worker, but not ready to trade places with Gypsy Rose Lee—not yet, anyway. That's

not the only case of Hollywood vernacular being misconstrued. Innocent stalks of Miss Emily's sugar corn suffered as the result of several literal-minded negro field hands employed as extras. Placed in the corn field, the dusky youths did the scene without a slip until Griffith, at the end of the take, bellowed "Cut!" Cut they did, turning to with a flailing of choppers that brought down every cornstalk for yards around before they could be halted.

The third invasion didn't stop until it had taken over an entire town—homesteads were just small fry to this group. For a week little Howardsville, Virginia, with its 150 souls, two stores, one church and depot, was a 1940 boom town. Filming activity was centered at the old-fashioned clapboard railroad station, renamed Fairville for movie purposes. For social chit-chat, the stars found Gibbs General Merchandise a rustic substitute for Ciro's or the Stork Club. Fascinated by the store's bill of goods, Marie Wilson bought a couple of straw farm hats and was tempted to sample a box of snuff. Fred MacMurray treated himself to a double-dip chocolate cone, sat on a cracker barrel and talked about crops with the folks.

For a lark, Cullen (Hezi) Tate, director of the second unit, turned actor for a bit part in the railroad scene. Cast as a conductor, he wore a C. and O. uniform, which served to keep him in character even when he followed Marie Wilson into the store.

Casually slipping his arm in the little blonde's, Hezi felt a tug on his coat tails. It was the storekeeper, growling, "Say, who do you think you are, being familiar with the stars. That's Marie Wilson, you sap!"

Usually a silent town at night, Howardsville resounded for a week with the scraping of saws. When Paramount discovered a sawmill was the only handicap for shooting, its electricians quickly fitted it with Hollywood lights and wood was sawed at night.

The Howardsville depot, center of filming excitement, is the background for two dramatic scenes in "Virginia." It is here that *Charlotte Duntery* comes home to her kind of people after a disappointing career on the New York stage. It's here that *Stoney Elliott* (Fred MacMurray) accompanied by his youngster, *Pretty* (Carolyn Lee) gives her a lift to the *Duntery* she wants to sell to *Mrs. Potter* (Marie Wilson). It's on this station platform that events occur that change the lives of *Charlotte*, *Stoney*, *Norman Williams* as well as the entire cast.

Passengers on daily trains through Howardsville were surprised when they reached the customarily uneventful town and saw loafers actually being paid to loaf, giant cameras, dazzling reflectors, and to top it off—a movie star! They knew then history was being made in Howardsville. The two trains rented from the Albemarle and Nelson and Chesapeake and Ohio Lines for these sequences chugged off to a spur track when the signal came to clear the main line. The dusty main street had never before witnessed such an aggregation of parked vehicles—12 ton generators, wardrobe, dressing room and props—to name a few.

Wardrobe assistants Edna Shotwell and Count Harold von Bradov wrestled with clothes racks in the rear of stuffy trucks. The Carroll wardrobe was not one to make local lassies gape at movie styles. Simplicity is the keynote of Designer Edith Head's creations. Most elaborate of the gowns are the off-pink *mousseline-de-soie* wedding gown (photographs white in Technicolor) with hoopskirts and a Mantilla headdress, and the ice-blue organdy, magnolia-trimmed evening gown. Edna Shotwell's frantic worry during location was flying the hoopskirts home to Holly-

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III



MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. *Spank* for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances

both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

COOL with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.



BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

wood. Blue to match Miss Carroll's eyes is the dominating color of the wardrobe which includes three suits and three sport frocks and two riding outfits. Sticklers for reality, the wardrobe department has marked her purses with *C. D.*

Throughout the rigors of location the honey-haired star's one refuge was her dressing-room trailer marked Dodsburg Farms and with the picture of a horse. Truman Dodson, Albemarle sportsman, donated the trailer to moviedom's thoroughbred. The horsey trailer failed to strike an incongruous note since horses may steal the show from Carroll, MacMurray, *et al.* If they should, the honor will be well earned. After all, the Farmington Hunt Club members rode in the point-to-point race when the mercury hovered at blood heat. In their heavy formal hunting attire the riders and horses gave 2000 pounds of flesh to dear old Paramount. This ton of weight streamed off the steaming flanks of the horses and down the exposed necks and faces of the society riders.

In a costume designed after those of the Farmington members, Stirling Hayden was set off to best advantage in his pink coat, yellow waistcoat, white stock, whipcord breeches, boots and spurs and black hunting helmet. Joined by the English star in her Oxford grey coat and derby, the couple looked as if they had just stepped from Epsom Downs.

Rodger Rinehart, joint M. F. H. of the club who donated 17 pounds to the picture, assisted Cullen Tate with race technicalities. Native son Rinehart shared technical advisor honors with Edward Delaplane de Butts of Upperville upper crust. Imported from Hollywood by Griffith to his home State, de Butts held the final word on the authenticity of Virginia properties. No snob, de Butts is the brother of Hunter de Butts, general manager of the Virginia division of the Southern Railway, whose wife is Mary Custis Lee, Marse Henry's granddaughter and direct descendant of Martha Washington.

As a sailor and aviator Ed has barnstormed the world since boyhood. When he hit Hollywood in his wanderings a couple of years ago it wasn't long before the studios were calling him for bit rôles. Actor too in "Virginia," he plays a tenant-farmer, speaking with an authentic down country accent.

Picture-goers will hear another true Virginia accent in the film. It will be sophisticate Tom Rutherford speaking. Rutherford, born ole Virginny double "o" Rutherford, substituted a "u" to facilitate playbill (someday marquee) reading.

Virginia kin, thrilled at Tom's success, are a little irked with him for mutilating his distinguished name, but he explains patiently that Rutherford looks like a typographical error. Not wanting to confuse the world, he made his break with tradition.

As a mad man, his mouth frothing with tooth paste, Tom made his acting debut across the river from Bremono, where he does a big scene with Madeleine Carroll. Pointing across the James River he said, "My home, Rock Castle, is over yonder. It seems queer to be over here in the movie when only a few years ago I was on that lawn playing in 'Damon and Pythias' with Edith and Jim."

The long upper lip typical of the English house of Windsor gives Tom a *savoir faire* which people expect of his personality, but actually he is a genuine sort. He insists he isn't—says, "I am exactly like Carter Francis in this picture." For reader information, Carter is a professional Virginian who sells out to the Northerners and whines continually, "I think I shall kill myself!"

That perpetual surprise packet, Marie Wilson, plays opposite Tom in the rôle of

Mrs. Potter, a *nouveau riche* Yankee, anxious to convert *Dunterry* into a hunt club. Low comedy dumb parts belong to Marie's strange history now that Mr. Griffith has offered her an amusing rôle with plenty of opportunity to reveal the figure that made Petty's telephones famous. Speaking slowly as she gazed through those inch-long lashes (the real thing, too) Marie said, "You know, Mr. Griffith is the first director to realize that a comedienne can have sex appeal."

Pie-slinging comedy or Eugene O'Neill tragedy would never obscure that fact about



Martha Scott recently became the bride of Carleton W. Alsop, radio executive who has been directing her broadcasts in the dramatic serial, "The Career of Alice Blair," which Martha will continue, in addition to her screen work.

Marie, it's too apparent; but the earnest girl cares more about being an actress than a "great big beautiful doll." This may be the reason: "I have wanted to really be a great actress since the time I made a personal appearance. The papers next morning said, 'Marie Wilson has a perfect chassis, but it's certainly not wired for sound.' It's up to me now to prove they were wrong."

In spite of the competition she arouses, women like the little blonde, are captivated by her sweet friendliness and ready wit. That publicity build-up as a dumb-bell leads listeners to expect anything but what they get. There's naïveté, all right, but it's salted down with a wisdom to put Socrates to shame.

Not to be outdone by Rutherford and his centuries of Virginia tradition, the pert little Wilson girl unearthed the memory of a rebel grandfather, one Isaac Wilson. As

a Virginia lad he marched into battle before the boys in grey carrying the Confederate flag.

When Hollywood came to Virginia, ancestors and kinsfolk worship began in earnest. There were more grandfathers to come when negro character actress Louise Beavers remarked quietly one day, "I would sure like to visit Ash Lawn, James Monroe's old place. My grandfather and his father were slaves there."

That was no idle wish since Ash Lawn was only a few minutes from Charlottesville. Jolly Louise removed her middle-aged make-up of *Aunt Ophelia* and was escorted to Ash Lawn, where her slave forebears had toiled long before movies or Louise were born.

"My grandfather was named James Monroe, too," she said. "He left here when he was 17, that was in 1853, to go to Ohio, where I was born. His father before him was named James Monroe, but he never left the place."

The popular actress was touched by the coincidence of the homecoming. "You know," she murmured, "I feel as if I had come home at last, particularly when I touch these iron pots and skillets my folks once used."

Miss Beavers is the first member of her family to return to the white frame house which Jefferson designed for the author of the Monroe Doctrine. Her mother, Ernestine Monroe Beavers, had intended to visit Virginia, but death halted this plan in 1930.

After this visit to her ancestral home, Miss Beavers admitted, "I have been playing Southern mammy rôles for a long time, but I believe that *Ophelia* in 'Virginia' will be the most sympathetic, now that I've been home and seen where I really originated."

Proud of his Virginia ties, soft-spoken Leigh Whipper, cast as the aged slave, *Ezekial*, revealed, "My wife, Lillian Miles Whipper, is an Orange County girl." Orange County was about 20 miles from location.

Lean-faced Whipper, who made his great stage and screen success in "Of Mice and Men," as embittered *Crooks*, plays the first sympathetic rôle of his 40-year acting career. Patience and willingness to suffer discomfort were the penalties Whipper paid for the part. Every morning he sat quietly while Wally Westmore or one of his assistants converted him into a 100-year-old man. It took one hour to apply the rubber composition for wrinkles, scraggly beard, sagging eye-pockets and discolored teeth.

Whipper, the son of an M.D. father and Ph. D. mother, hankered after a physician's degree himself, but was packed off to law school, which he hated. His first stage rôle was that of an oldster in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and since then he has played in "Emperor Jones," "Stevedore," "Porgy and Bess," and "Three Men on a Horse." In spite of all this, he says, "I still think I would've made a whopping good doctor."

The stand-ins, always in the shadow of the camera when it isn't rolling, came in for their share of well-earned glory when Virginia ancestry was mentioned. With the exception of Madeleine Carroll's stand-in, these boys and girls were natives. Cynosure for all eyes, even when MacMurray and Hayden were in sight, was Lee McLaughlin, Fred's stand-in. Captain of the University of Virginia football team this season, McLaughlin, son of a Richmond, Va., minister, tips the scales at 210 pounds and stands over six feet. If Hollywood is looking for more new faces, Lee graduated in June. Any takers?

When Roland Asher, assistant director, discovered Jeannette Muhlenfeld, Carroll's stand-in, he wasn't aware that he was picking a girl who could take foot punishment. As a University of Virginia graduate nurse,

Lady Esther says "You're Invited
to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your
NEW-BORN-SKIN!"



Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin...waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to you... and a scientific fact. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror... every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know...says Lady Esther...that you can make your years of beauty longer if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (62)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Miss Muhlenfeld, Baltimore native, had nurse's feet. They can take a beating, even when they're built up on exaggerated wedgies to raise her to Madeleine's five feet five inches.

Dick Morris, University of Virginia medical student, stretched himself, but still he couldn't reach Hayden's six feet four. Wooden blocks attached to his soles did the trick, however.

Child star Carolyn Lee's playmate during the month's location was her stand-in, Ann Everett Yoe. The five-year-old blonde youngster is the daughter of a University of Virginia professor.

For little Carolyn "Virginia" is just an extension of "Honeymoon in Bali," with Carroll, MacMurray, Griffith and Van Upp. But there was one new thing for her to learn. A Virginia accent. She and her mother, Mrs. Warren Copp, of Martin's Ferry, Ohio, stayed with the Yoes for Carolyn to absorb Virginians' way of speaking. Tables were turned, however. At the end of the week Ann Yoe was speaking with a middle-western accent.

On location at Monticola where the insects were having a field day, mosquito netting was rigged into a tent for the baby star. It was from this little house Carolyn held court for her interviewers. No smart aleck, although she is treated as an equal by her parents, an adult's words from her lips strike an amusing note. A reporter watching Carolyn refuse a glass of milk was warned by the youngster, "Don't use this about me, please. I must keep my private life from the public."

In spite of rain, heat, jarflies and noisy trains, Mr. Griffith completed the location sequences of his story of "socialite significance" only a few days over schedule. Due to his passion for saving time and money, he had the foresight to erect five cover sets, as a retreat in rain or cloudy weather.

Art director Flannery found the Jefferson Theater, closed in summer because of no air-conditioning, ideal for the interior of the *Dunterry* spring-house and Louise Beavers' cabin. These sets will return to the Jefferson Theater this winter when the picture is shown there for local audiences.

When movie-fan students at St. Anne's School at Charlottesville return for the winter session, geometry, Latin, physics and even the University of Virginia swains will be in the dog-house while the girls visit the gymnasium. They will see nothing there now but smooth floors marked with basketball court lines. But what difference does that make, since only yesterday the gym was Madeleine Carroll's moving picture bedroom.

For some strange reason, which only Hollywood can explain, the star's antique four-poster tester bed was imported from the coast, instead of purchased on arrival from a Virginia antique dealer. That bit of nonsense was forgotten when the decorator's borrowed Miss Emily Nolting's baby crib at Monticola and placed it near the big bed.

With the exception of a few properties in the cover sets, almost everything you'll see in "Virginia" will be authentic. The purpose of Hollywood's most extensive Eastern location trip was to capture the real thing—Jeffersonian estates, Bremond, Estouteville, Farmington, Monticola, in their natural setting of the Piedmont hills of Albemarle County. Western skies are never frothed with puffy white clouds so dear to the heart of a Technicolor expert and Western soil is never red like Virginia's honest clay.

Instead of checking the second invasion, Ned Griffith's comedy-drama may set a new batch of Yankees to packing their million-dollar carpetbags. When they arrive in Virginia, Mr. Griffith will be there to greet them with open arms or a shotgun as "they say" he's picking out a permanent "location" for himself.



Jane Frazee of radio fame has been signed to a new four-picture contract by Republic Pictures because of her work in "Melody and Moonlight," in which Jane sings and dances.

"I Married My Ambition:—Youth!"

Continued from page 25

Circle to the old Haymarket down on Sixth Avenue—yes, quaint spot, the Haymarket, wasn't it? All we had to do in earnest pursuit of our studies was to buy a few glasses of beer and watch less restricted customers."

Out of character momentarily, he again hit the tomato juice. "When the day came for the class to do its stuff under the scrutiny of its keen instructress. I had evolved a dramatic trio. Its divisions were successively and, let us trust, symbolically entitled 'Foam,' 'Just a Drop,' and 'The Flood.' Circumstances, aside from modesty, compelled me to play all the parts, though each little masterpiece of realism had its chief figure. In 'Foam' a tough bartender with big cigar in one corner of his mouth and towel in hand to wipe the mahogany brushed off a poor old bar-fly begging for a drink with the same indifference he brushed foam off a schooner of beer. The purpose of that observed bit of life was to show my supposed gift for brutal characterization. 'Just a Drop' had to do with a drunken bully who was threatening a helpless girl when a gallant young man leaped to his feet at a nearby table and, striding to the rescue, dropped the ruffian with a single blow. As she gratefully assured him that her heart was overflowing for what he had done, he lightly replied, 'Oh, it was just a drop.' Subtle guy! That brave little number presumably went to prove I was handy with my dukes. When it came to 'The Flood' I was, first of all, an old roué drinking champagne and ogling women in a gilded café. Presently he became conscious of a girl pausing behind his chair and heard, 'Cigars, cigarettes.' Taking the bottle out of its bucket, he wickedly suggested, 'You must be tired, my dear. Please sit down and join me in a restoring glass.' 'Thank you, sir,' she sweetly replied. Something strangely familiar in her voice now caused him to turn and glance up. 'Father!' she cried. In her, that staring wretch saw the daughter he had turned from his door on the night of the bliz-

zard. As a flood of accusing memories swept over him, the bottle fell from his shaking hand and flooded the floor. That damp climax concluded my part of the afternoon's entertainment and, counting on a cumulative triumph, I waited expectantly. Fixing me with a cold eye, the instructress rasped, 'It is quite apparent, Mr. Powell, that all the places you go to for life-study are saloons.'

At that, Rough barked twice as though to cry, "Hear, hear!" and Tumble did a tailspin. Encouraging this unseemly demonstration, their indulgent master gave the impression of being at heart the Boy Scout he had played so hilariously in "I Love You Again." "That was about as juvenile as anything I've ever played," Bill granted. "I like doing the sort of thing that's congenial to me, and so long as people go to see it that's all right with me. If the most tickets can be sold by my doing that kind of thing, I am more than ready to do it. I have no burning ambition to act. I'm not an artist, I'm an entertainer."

Most impolite protest on my part and staccato objections from Rough and Tumble merely caused the subject of them reluctantly to concede, "Well, maybe I hope to be one." We had to let it go at that. It was no good arguing that William Powell definitely had won his place as an artist of skill, ease, charm and distinction, that with it he had gained a following as great in loyalty as in numbers, that there was no one like him, and probably never would be, on the screen. Consolation could be found only in the thought that here, at least, was one actor with no ham in him.

"I'll keep on playing parts so long as it's decent," he was content to say. "The things I'm doing are almost ageless. That's probably the view of people who see a character I happen to be doing. They don't label him 'Class of 1907.' That's my good luck. Years, for once, don't count. Then, too, acting in itself has a tendency to keep a person youthful. This is no doubt due to constant change, bringing fresh interest and relief from daily routine not always possible in other walks of life. I have noticed that contemporaries of mine who have followed such walks now look fully settled. They seem to have grown up. Maybe actors don't grow up. Perhaps that's why it was good to play a Boy Scout. Anyway, it was pretty good for an old fellow like me."

Could that mean—and, like me, Rough and Tumble cocked their ears—William Powell had said farewell to youth? We had to wait a moment for the answer. Then it came deliberately, earnestly, unexpectedly: "Farewell, no! If it is my ambition to cherish youth, as it may be that of others, then I have married my ambition:—youth." There was the story, the whole story beautifully told in a few simple words. To give it added meaning, the teller turned his eyes to the door through which the girl Diana Lewis now become the wife Mrs. William Powell had shortly passed. His gaze drew back with: "In other words, I married my ambition as far as youth goes. In doing so, I suppose I laid myself open to censure in some quarters. It took the form of seeming worry over the fact I should have married 'such a child!' But she and I are the ones who did the marrying, so I don't see the need of anyone else worrying very much. As for the element of youthfulness, you can imagine what it means to me to have a youngster around the house, to watch her activities and share her enthusiasms. This is all very welcome after the sundry things that have happened to me in the last few years. And, certainly, there is no good in forever sitting and grieving."

As though understanding his words, Rough and Tumble sympathetically climbed to his knees. What he said was quite clear, as anyone would know. Yet few know what

now can be said authoritatively for the first time. William Powell and Jean Harlow were to be married when her sudden end struck him like a blow. "For a long time after what happened I thought I would never marry," he said. "I was more concerned with whether I would be here or not. I'd been pretty ill, and three operations in one year hadn't left me at all optimistic. Then, as I've said, a lot of sitting around by myself didn't help matters. That sort of thing doesn't help any man accustomed to having a woman in his life. The rest speaks for itself. This little girl is like a ray of sunshine. I find her influence on my life very infectious. For one thing, in the eight months we've been married I have seen more motion pictures than in all the rest of my life. In discovering Diana, I seem to have discovered myself."

As to just how that discovery had been made: "One day I went over to M-G-M to have lunch with Eddie Mannix. 'We might just as well join them,' said that executive when we ran into members of a joint House and Senate committee who had come from Washington to look into West Coast defenses and were being entertained at luncheon. Youngsters of the studio had been brought to it. I noticed a girl down at the other end of the table. Getting a good look at her, I rather thought I'd like a closer look. So I tried to get to her going out, but a Senator buttonholed me. Then I made a little investigation which, after all the detective parts I'd played," he grinned, "promised to lead to something. It did. I instigated back-yard publicity pictures taken in my swimming-pool and suggested that Diana Lewis be among those present. After that, things moved pretty fast."

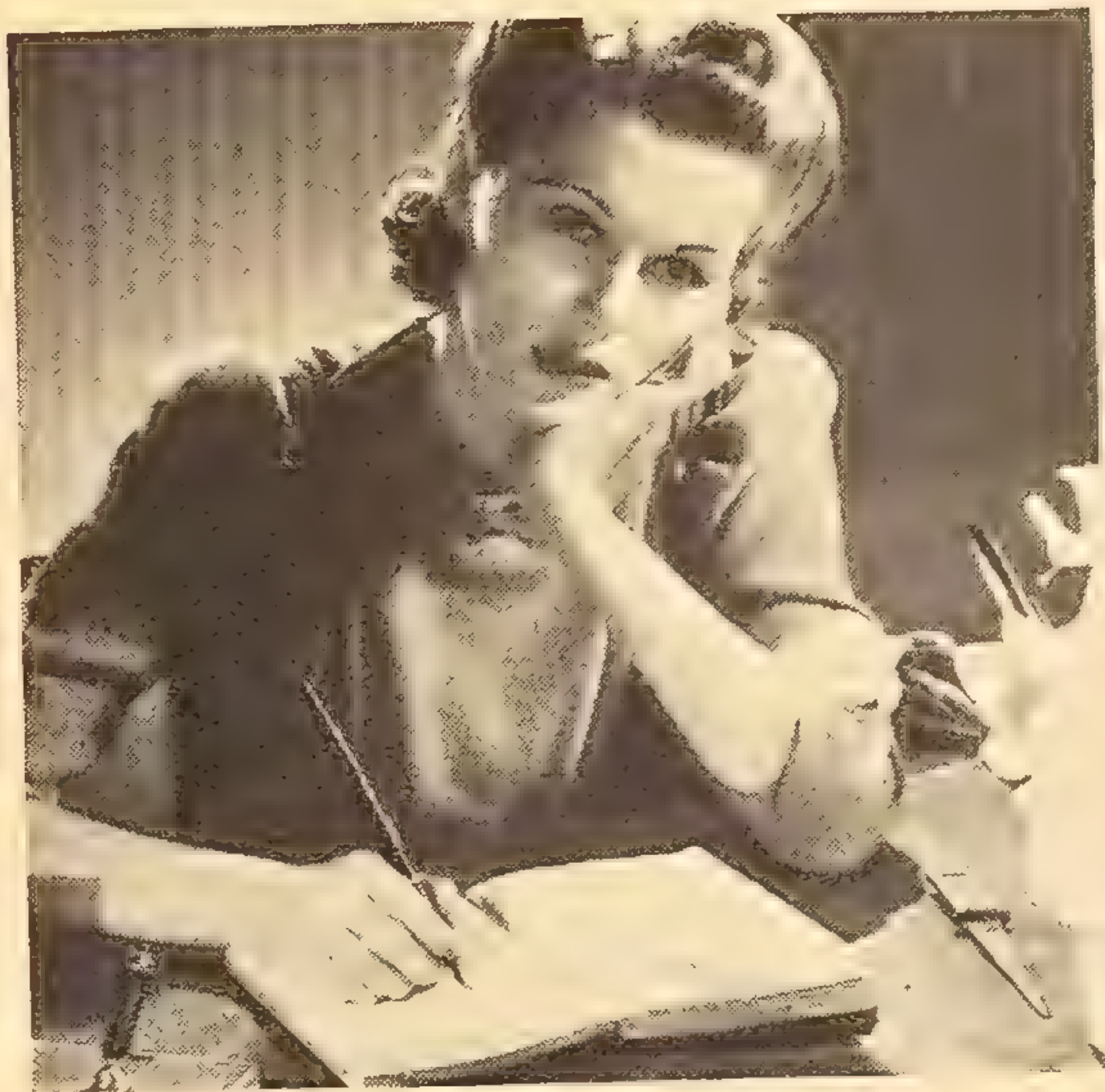
Rough and Tumble now did likewise, jumping down and racing around the patio. Meanwhile, having told the beginning of his romance, the glowing narrator went on: "Diana has good theatrical sense and a very sound professional background. She comes from an old-line theatrical family. Her father, J. C. Lewis, now living in Hollywood, originated *Cy Plunkett* and played that character all over the country. Diana's mother was leading woman of the troupe, which also included her brother and sister. The sister, Maxine Lewis, is at present singing at a night club here in Hollywood. Diana was practically born in a trunk and actually put in a tray that served as her cradle. When she could walk she would stand in the wings and watch the other members of the family on the stage. It wasn't long before she joined them in the play. She was five years old when her father broke his hip while carrying her down the fire escape of a theater. So, you see, she was brought up in the business. And now, from what I've seen her do in pictures, she is a good little actress."

When I wondered whether they might one day appear together in a picture or a play, the head of the house said: "I'm not looking forward to any Lunt-Fontanne arrangement. I think that professionally I should have a more mature leading woman than the one in my private life. Individually, a romantic attachment is all right, but one that has to appeal to the movie public is something else again. Diana has the same kind of interest in her career that I had in mine a hundred years ago"—he smiled that off—"and I'm interested in her making as much out of it as will make her happy. As well as knowing how to act, she is a dancer and a good little acrobat, too. She can do a hand-stand and walk around a room on her hands. And if that means anything, it means youth, doesn't it?"

To relieve any possible suspense, Rough and Tumble instantly barked that it did.

Dear Diary Apr. 10th
Being a champion
cook doesn't pay.
I guess—My best
dishes went begging
to-night—Harry
"couldn't get home"
—as usual!

Dear Diary Apr. 12th
What does a gal
have to do these days
to "hold a husband"?
I'm applauded for
my looks, clothes and
disposition (by others)
but I'm getting
nowhere fast—
with Harry



Dear Diary Apr. 20th
Horrid suspicions
gnaw at my brain.
—Has some one
come between us—
or is it really
business that keeps
Harry away so
many evenings?

If her Diary could only talk back!

It would tell her of the
"ONE NEGLECT"
that mars many marriages . . .
Let "Lysol" help you avoid this

BEAUTY, brains, charm and good cooking should be enough to keep any husband captivated—but they aren't—as many "perfect" wives sorrowfully discover. Carelessness about feminine hygiene is something that even the most tolerant husbands find it hard to overlook. More women ought to use "Lysol" in their routine of intimate cleanliness. "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal.

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali. 2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical condi-

tions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs. 4—Economy . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept—no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD!

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. S.-412, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

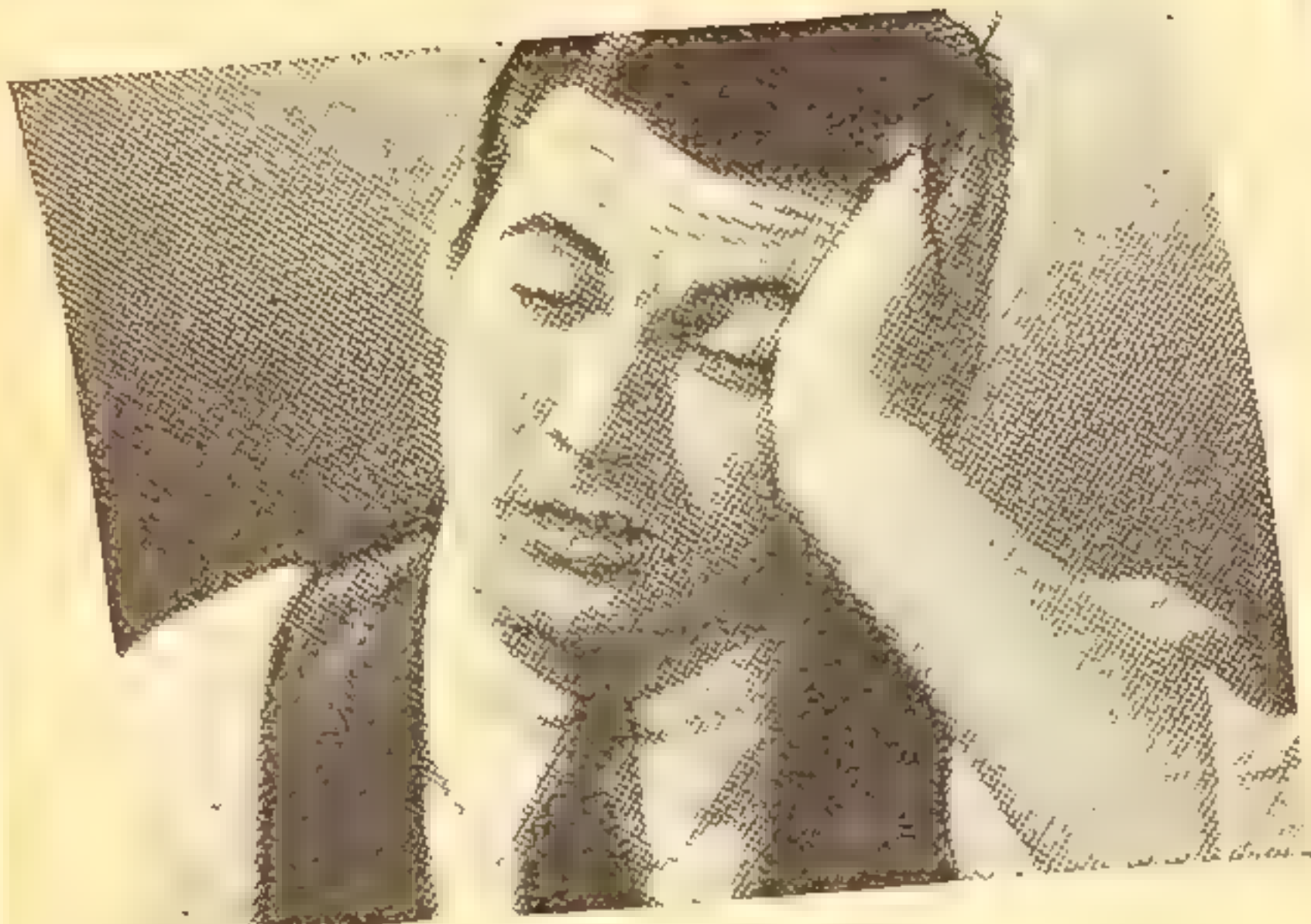
Send me free booklet, "War Against Germs," which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Mr. R--- makes a Confession



Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.



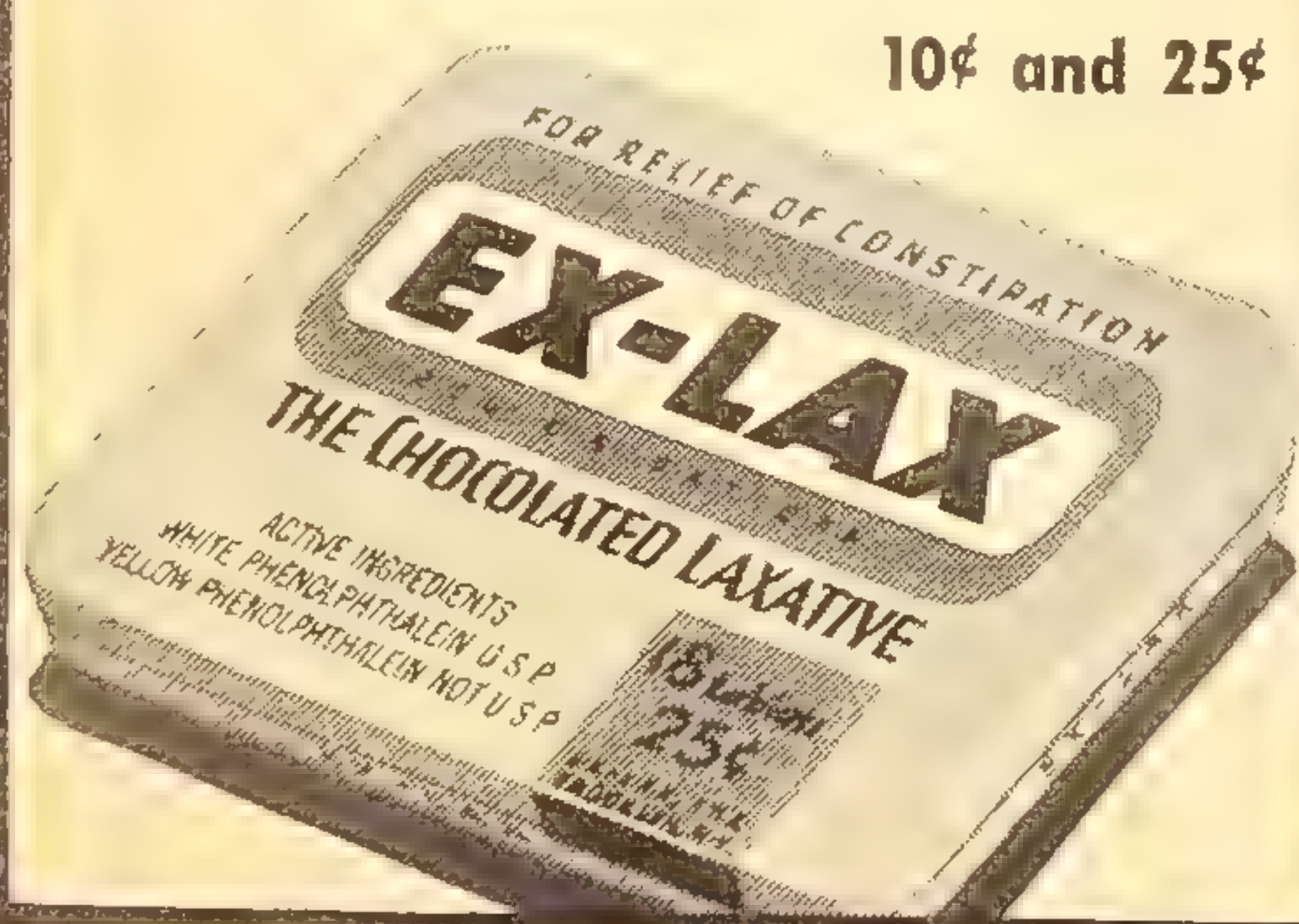
Tom told me to try Ex-Lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take - it tastes just like chocolate!



Feel like a million this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Didn't upset me or keep me awake last night. Boy, watch me tear into my work today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



"I'll Settle for Love!"

Continued from page 29

declared last fall, all the servants and caretakers fled, and I was left to look after the children myself. It was then that I learned how grateful I was for my own humble beginning, which made it possible for me to carry on and wash, cook, and scrub for them myself. My father had been a professor of very modest means, money was more or less scarce, so this work was nothing new to me. It was thrilling to feel that in all the years that had passed, I had not forgotten the simple things I had learned of necessity in my childhood.

When at last I faced back toward America on the Atlantic Clipper around the middle of July, the plane was full of refugees. People of means, naturally, but refugees, none the less. People whose plan of life had been cruelly torn apart, whose loved ones were somewhere behind in the unknown and could not be rescued. Among these there was one fellow passenger who sat in the seat across from mine, so we talked. I discovered he was an American who had lived abroad for ten years, a cosmopolitan with a perspective more or less such as my own. We talked all through the night. And as we talked we realized that there was only a small portion of the world as we had known it left and we were heading toward that small haven. We both knew and expressed our feelings. We knew we had seen stark, naked reality for the first time back along the borders of Spain; refugees pouring through in an endless stream of crushed humanity, with no other possessions in the world beyond what they were able to carry. It would be impossible to imagine a more heartrending sight. I cannot begin to tell you how pathetic was their plight; staggering and some of them dying, under their loads. Civilization had collapsed behind them. But we were leaving a grim reality to enter a dream. The world, our world here in America, is a dream. Even our troubles and our sorrows as well as our happiness is part of a dream world by comparison.

It will be wonderful if we can keep it so. When things in life come to us fairly easily, we are apt to take everything, even love, for granted. Few of us know how much love can really mean until circumstances intervene to make it impossible for us to have our loved ones, and by loved ones I mean our parents, our families, and our friends, as well as husbands and sweethearts. We are too much inclined to accept these as a matter of course, and it is only when some great crisis comes along and we find that we have them no more, that we find the real appreciation. Real love—and the only love that can face the crisis, is also one that we can think of apart from terms of selfishness. Our luxuries can be mental and spiritual ones if we make them so, and only then will they enhance in value throughout our lives, come what may economically.

For years, until I found love, career and success were the be-all and end-all of existence. People now ask why I am absent from the usual Hollywood scene, the parties and the night life. The reason is that with my heart and soul somewhere else, I realize how very insignificant are the things which once seemed so important to me. This does not mean that my career is not just as important as it ever was; in fact, it may even be more so now in a way, but it is just that I look at it in a different light. The difference is that instead of its being an end in itself, I know now that I am working for something really worth living for. The very thought of life as it

used to be brings me up with a start. I can't believe that I once went about to parties and night clubs with no more thought than how much pleasure each moment was giving me. It was just that I never faced life as it should be faced. My recent experiences have changed all that.

We in America owe our thoughts and a great deal of our effort, to protecting our way of life. American women have not had to face the stark horrors such as the women of Europe are facing today. Everyone of us on this side of the water can think of ourselves as pampered and spoiled in comparison. We should wake up to this



Frances Langford of the golden voice wears this colorful cowgirl costume for a scene in the film musical, "Too Many Girls." The bolero and sash are embroidered in bright beads and studded with sparkling sequins.

realization now. If you have a love of any kind, be it a child, sweetheart, husband or parent, cherish that love, live for it, protect it! Enjoy every moment of it!

Most of us have been inclined to become too soft. I know that I have. Now that my ideas have changed, I am infinitely happier, and my happiness has nothing to do with my career or with worldly success.

I have owned a home in Spain, just outside Barcelona, for four years. I hope some day to live there. So that I wouldn't have to rely solely on modern invention, as I once would have done, I am having the place fixed over in very primitive style. We shouldn't allow ourselves to be slaves of our inventions—not that we shouldn't enjoy them when it is possible to do so, but we should also be able to deprive ourselves of many things and still be happy. In this way, we'll eventually be able to find happiness in the joy of others.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The tragic death of Madeleine Carroll's sister, Margaret, who was killed when her London home was bombed during an air raid, has been reported.

Stores Featuring Your Glamor Guide Fashions

PAGE 56

Velvet Gown by Topper Formals

Boston—Peter Flynn
Houston—Smart Shop
New York—Arnold Constable
Rocky Mts.—Sweetbriar Shops
Syracuse—Flah & Co.
St. Louis—D. G. Garland Co.

PAGE 57

Taffeta Gown by Junior Formals

Chicago—Chas. A. Stevens
Chicago—Saks Fifth Avenue
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
St. Louis—Famous & Barr
St. Louis—Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

PAGE 58

Skunk Hoodcoat by I. J. Fox

Write for store names

Ermine-pelz Wrap by Korman Wraps

Cincinnati—The Fair
Kansas City—The Jones

Tacoma—People's Store

PAGE 59

Petal Toque by G. Howard Hodge
Veiled Brim Hat by Harryson
Felt Halo Hat by Elliott Dushane

Write for store names

Jewelry by Miriam Haskell

Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Chicago—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York—Saks 34th Street
New York—Saks Fifth Avenue

OTHER RECOMMENDED STORES

Anniston—Berman's
Auburn—Kalet's
Baltimore—The Hub
Boston—Chandler & Company
Buffalo—Russell Jay, Inc.
Camden—King's Dept. Store
Charlottesville—Levy's Fashion Shop
Davenport—Scharff's
Denver—Daniels & Fisher Store & Co.
 Fargo—C. E. Shotwell
Gloversville—Argersinger's

Hartford—Sage-Allen & Co.
Hartford—Wise Smith Co.
Hollywood—Harry Cooper
Knoxville—S. H. George & Son
Liberty—Keller's Daylight Dept. Store
Lincoln—Magee's Inc.
Los Angeles—Franklin's Department Stores

Los Angeles—J. W. Robinson Co.
Macon—Burden Smith & Co.
Manchester—Pariseau's, Inc.
Middletown—L. Stern Co.
Newburgh—John Schoonmaker & Son
Niagara Falls—Betty Shop
Norfolk—David A. Rawls, Inc.
Oklahoma City—D. E. Peyton Co.
Omaha—Goldstein Chapman Co.
Oswego—M. J. McDonald & Co.
Petersburg—Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Brothers
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Frank E. Seder
Plattsburg—David Merkel
Portland—Charles F. Berg
Raleigh—Taylor Furnishing Co.
Roanoke—B. Forman & Sons
Rochester—E. W. Edwards & Sons
Rutland—Claude Pitcher Co.
Saranac Lake—W. C. Leonard & Co.
Schenectady—H. S. Barney Co.
Seattle—Rhodes Dept. Store
Stamford—H. Frankel & Sons
Stamford—Mantell & Martin
Tampa—O. Falk's Dept. Store
Toledo—Meyer Jonasson's
Utica—Frank T. Howard Co.
Washington, D. C.—Kaplowitz Bros., Inc.
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Yakima—W. E. Draper, Inc.

*Wherever you go
take flavor with you*

The finest flavors...thoroughly mixed with skill and care are used in Beech-Nut Gum. That is why you may enjoy each delicious piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon





Nancy Kelly will make her singing début in "Caribbean Holiday," Allan Jones' new romantic comedy film, and she will introduce one of the five new numbers which the noted composer, Jerome Kern, pictured above with Nancy, wrote for the picture.

Romero Rides Again!

Continued from page 54

a trifle, first one, then another, although the curtains themselves remained still. Nonsense, I told myself. I shut my eyes. But on opening them again I saw more flowers growing larger and going into action. I tried to laugh it off, but it was no go. The next moment I was scared stiff. For, right before my eyes, those flowers were changing into faces!

"Was I going nuts? Of course, most of us have seen what we are pleased to call a flowerlike face. But these were nothing like that. They were set, grim, relentless. I held on to the bed with both hands. Then they came right out at me! I yelled and pulled the clothes over my head. 'What is it?' asked a nurse, rushing into the room. I didn't have the nerve to tell her. But I shot a wild glance over her shoulder at those infernal flowers. They were back where they belonged and behaving properly. It struck me as smart of them to keep the nurse from catching them in the act. But the moment she was gone they were up to their old tricks. And day after day, when I was alone, those faces made straight for me, their grimaces threatening, and the only way I could save myself was by ducking. I'd got to the stage where it didn't seem possible to hold them off any longer, sure they were intent upon dragging me to my doom, when there was a change for the better. The faces they now made at me didn't seem quite so horrible. Then, gradually, they became pleasant, even smiling. Finally, I woke up one morning to find they had turned back into flowers and settled down on the curtains again. What had really happened, of course, was that I was getting better and coming out of my delirium. But those demon faces certainly gave me a run for my fever."

Anyway, his ingenious hospital performers surely had put on a great flower show. Whatever its lasting effect may have been,

I now noticed that Romero quietly moved away from a gorgeous blossom swaying in the breeze just outside of the open window where he had been sitting.

A seeking for further experiences brought out: "What struck me later was that everything was going by while I was standing, or rather lying, still. Life seemed too short for that sort of thing. I used to sneak the nurse's thermometer out of a drawer at the bedside and take my own temperature. It upset me terribly to find that it was still 'way above normal. I wanted desperately to get well in time for 'Down Argentine Way.' They waited for me as long as was possible, but I couldn't make it. When I found I'd been put on suspension by the studio, that didn't help, either. It wasn't that I'd lose my contract, simply that it would be made to run five weeks later. But all the time I'd lie there and think of myself as an active person with responsibilities, as being well again—that's what counts."

It seemed probable he had thought of other things. "Plenty. I thought of the things I'd done and the things I had failed to do. Marching through my mind, they were like a long panorama. I don't think I'd ever been any ball of fire, but somehow there had happened to be a steady rise from nothing, and now I realized I'd been thankful for it. Often I had thought of giving it all up, but now I was glad I hadn't. For the first time, many things became clear to me. For example, I saw what a big part luck had played in it all. Luck was right with me from the start, though I didn't know it. It began with my learning to dance when only three or four years old. Our family had a Porto-Rican cook who taught my sister, a year older, and me to dance in the kitchen. With her pots and pans steaming on the stove, she would start up an old phonograph, and away we'd go

hotfooting it in Spanish dances. I'm not so good any more—the old knees creak a bit—but I'd probably never have been any good at all if it hadn't been for that dance-mad cook."

Here, then, was disclosed for the first time the beginning of Cesar Romero's dancing and dashing career in, of all places, a kitchen!

"But my first practical leg-work was done as a Wall Street messenger for the National City Bank. I'd be handcuffed to a bag stuffed with bonds and other securities, then sent on my rounds. Not so good. I was glad to get out of it. A friend took me to John Murray Anderson, who wanted a dancing partner for Lisbeth Higgins. We started hoofing at the Belmar Country Club. Then, in 1926, we went into a musical comedy called 'Lady Do.' We ourselves didn't do so well. After opening in Brooklyn, we got no farther. Instead, we got fired. So I decided to give up dancing and try my luck at acting. This brought small parts in 'The Street Singer,' 'The Social Register,' 'Spring in Autumn' and 'Dinner at Eight.' Before long, I was lucky to have dinner at any hour."

A hungry look gnawed at his lean face. "Whenever the nurse at the hospital brought me something to eat I'd think of the meals I'd missed in New York. A bunch of us, mostly actors and writers, lived in Paillard's in Forty-fourth Street. I'd go up old creaking wooden stairs to a dingy room where I washed my own clothes and mended them as best I could. It was the same with all the others. But eating was our great problem. We'd pool our money—when we had any—and one of us would go over to Paddy's Market on Ninth Avenue and buy a lot of vegetables for a few cents. These we made into what might be called a community salad. We ate salad till we were green in the face. But when I went out at night, without a nickel in my pocket, I looked like a million dollars. With my tails, I was very social. I was asked to all the deb parties of girls I'd known while living at home. When I sallied forth on those occasions, my top hat was the envy of the whole gang at Paillard's. John O'Hara had a dark back room there, and that's about all, for he had not yet written 'Appointment in Samara' and was earning only what he could get for a few squibs. One day he said he would give me five dollars if I'd lend him my top hat for the evening. One night years later a regular swell in soup-and-fish came over to my table at the Trocadero in Hollywood and said, 'I owe you five bucks.' It was O'Hara. Times had changed, so had we. Back in New York we'd go around in the daytime looking like a couple of tramps. In the hot summer months the less we wore the better. At Paillard's it was stifling. To get a breath of air, I used to walk to the Paramount Theater on Broadway and stand in the shade under the marquee."

Was it possible Cesar Romero had imagined at that time he would one day see his name on a theater marquee?

"There's only one answer—no. Of course, like all actors in New York who were out of work most of the time, I hoped some day to get into pictures. It meant the only possible security for me. When I think back to those days, I wonder how I ever got by. Just the same, I had more fun batting around then than I've ever had since. Dancing, when I started it professionally at nineteen, was a lot of fun. But I never saved any money. Broke again, I was urged by a friend one night to go with him to a party that Cholly Knickerbocker was giving at the Plaza. When I argued that I had neither an invitation nor a cent, he said, 'That's okay. I'll get you in, and that may get you a job. Knickerbocker's looking for someone to dance in a floor show with a girl he knows.' Arriving, on foot, I

and myself to be literally a social climber. In fact, the two of us climbed up the fire escape three stories. Then we made our entrance—and what an entrance!—through the kitchen. Cooks and waiters stared at us in astonishment. But as we were dressed as regular guests and explained we were playing a little joke on our host, they laughed and thought it great stuff. It was a big night. Introduced to Knickerbocker, I was offered the job of dancing with Florine Kaelker at the St. Regis Roof and getting \$350 a week for three months. That seemed like all the money in the world to me. But it was soon gone. Then I went on the road for a year as the sentimental lover in 'Strictly Dishonorable' and saved \$3,500. But by that time my father had lost everything he had in the sugar market crash, and my savings went in an attempt to save the only thing he had left, the house. Finally that was gone. Now the whole family was broke."

In the ashes of his cigarette he seemed to be a symbol. "Looking out of the window of the hospital I'd say to myself, 'This is Hollywood, thank God.' For Hollywood meant not only my salvation but that of my parents. They're here with me. But the chance to get here was a long time in coming. It took me eight years to get into pictures. Oh, I'd made a few Spanish shorts in New York, but they were terrible. And, like other New York actors, I was called again and again for tests, but nothing came of them. I was completely discouraged when called to make another test for an M-G-M picture. I thought it would turn out like all the rest. But a few days later my agent picked me up and said, 'Pack your bag, you're going to Hollywood.' I'd been picked to play Minna Gombell's gigolo husband in 'The Thin Man.' It was in 1934 that I came to here, and I've worked steadily ever since. I very definitely have been typed, but there's nothing to do about that. I did do something, however, about the publicity I was getting, pieces saying I'd got into pictures through my dancing. That burned me. What has burned me even worse is being called a second Valentino—bunk! All I want is to work and to live here."

Cesar Romero now is furnishing a house he has just built in Brentwood. But in it there will be no curtains with flowers. He's afraid they might make faces at him.

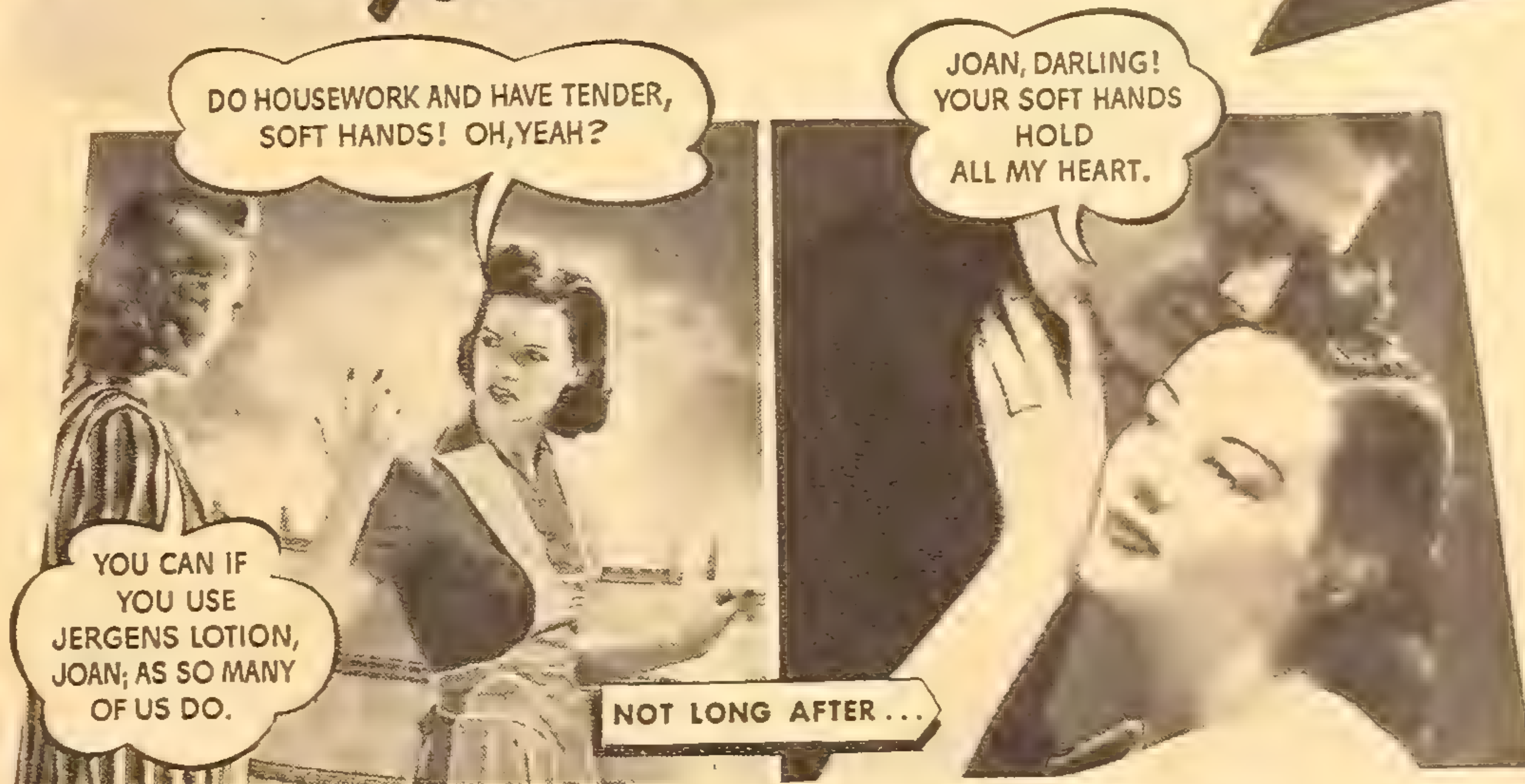


The youngest possessor of a Social Security number is Victoria Downing, above. She was registered with Central Casting Bureau at one day old; had a car, Registered Nurse, and welfare worker to accompany her to 'work'; did 20 minutes' work at 2-minute intervals covering 2 days. When the directors wanted Glamor Girl Vicky for a crying scene, they would take her bottle away.

*Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery—romantic featured players for 20th Century-Fox Films.



"When a woman loves ...
HANDS must be tenderly soft,
says **ARLEEN WHELAN**
(Lovely Hollywood Star)



How thousands of Adored Women help prevent unlovely Rough, Chapped HANDS

ADORABLE SOFT HANDS—every girl can keep them all her life! In spite of housework, constant use of water, or outdoor exposure, which cruelly rob your hand skin of its natural softening moisture. It's so easy to furnish new, beautifying moisture for your skin—with Jergens Lotion.

This Lotion contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help smooth and soften harsh skin. No stickiness! For silken-soft hands, use Jergens Lotion.



JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 3918 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Let me see how Jergens Lotion helps keep my hands tenderly soft. Please send my purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion, free.

Name _____

Address _____

NEW LOW PRICE!

FIBS[★]

THE KOTEX[★] TAMPON

NOW ONLY 20¢ FOR 12

Not six, not ten, but a full dozen for 20¢



Ideal internal protection. Fibs are more comfortable, more secure, easy to use! No artificial method of insertion necessary!

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of cotton particles adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

The Kotex Tampon... Fibs merit your confidence! For trial supply mail 10¢ to FIBS, Room 1467A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Lupino! Genius or Screwball?

Continued from page 34

plausible—to herself. "I'd been out late the night before and when I got to bed I couldn't sleep. So I took a sleeping powder. Just before the guests arrived I went upstairs to dress and a most peculiar feeling overcame me. I lay down on the bed and when I awoke there was everyone in the room, looking at me."

There was another time she went for a swim in her pool. After one dip she decided she'd rather sleep. She lay down on the edge of the pool and woke up with third-degree burns. On another occasion, to her rage, she turned up with infantile paralysis. And on still another occasion, to her intense mortification, she came down with measles.

Once, when she was working with Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon," we fell to talking about Patricia Ellis. "There," I remarked admiringly, "is, without doubt, the craziest dame I have ever met."

"She's no crazier than I am!" Loopy retorted indignantly.

When she worked with Bing Crosby on "Anything Goes" they addressed each other as "Tipper" and "Nipper." When relations occasionally became strained "Miss" and "Mr." were formally added. They frequently had "Quiet" signs hung all over the stage. Visitors thought a scene was being shot and went about on tiptoe. Actually, Tipper and Nipper were practicing golf shots behind flats.

Even in those long-gone days Paramount had in her one of the greatest potential stars on the screen. I used to tell all and sundry, rather apprehensively, it would take the studio too long to realize her possibilities. Time takes its toll of all of us. And I was right. Even as I uttered my dire prophecies Loopy's hair faded from titian to a pale gold and her pranks became fewer and farther between. Then, once, I met her and she was all excited. They were going to make "The Light That Failed" and she had practically been promised the part of the little Cockney. Sitting at a table in the crowded commissary, without lights, scenery, make-up or costumes, she acted out a couple of the scenes for me. *There was acting!* But the picture was never made.

It was shortly after that that Ida asked for, and received, her release from a contract that was paying her \$1750 a week. She disappeared almost completely and I never saw her again until recently—until the day she said, "An actress is only as

good as her box-office rating. Look at me!" This woman talking logically about an actress' chances of success wasn't the harum-scarum girl I'd known—not the flighty ingénue who's thrown up her contract because she couldn't get the parts she wanted.

"It wasn't altogether a question of not getting the parts I wanted," Ida said slowly, "regardless of what you or others may think. When I first came to Hollywood I was barely sixteen. It was the most glamorous place in the world. I was meeting people I'd seen and heard of all my life. There is no place anywhere on the universe where young people have as much fun as here. I lived on excitement. Naturally, I wanted to be successful because I knew if I wasn't I couldn't belong to the crowd I'd got in with—but the success, outside of that, seemed unimportant.

"Then the idea of really becoming **SOME-BODY** got under my skin and that's when I began crying for better parts. I'd been on the screen four or five years and was no farther along than when I started. I knew if something radical wasn't done soon I'd be released by Paramount, overlooked by other studios and forgotten by the public. So I asked for my release and made up my mind not to work at all for one solid year. I was going to learn to *act!*"

"You sure had a lot of nerve," I remarked. "At least, you were being seen, whereas if you left the screen for a year you took a chance of being completely forgotten and never being able to get a job again. I've seen *favorites* washed up in less time than that."

"It was a chance I *had* to take," she rejoined. "It was a cinch I'd be forgotten if I *didn't* do something—and this way there was a *chance* for me. Well, instead of staying away for a year, I stayed off the screen for eighteen months—studying, studying, studying."

"I'd known Lou (Louis Hayward, her husband) for years and we had renewed acquaintance in Hollywood. We fell in love and he married me when things were at their lowest ebb for me. If ever there was an angel on earth, it's he! He used to criticize me constructively and try to figure out what I did wrong and what I *could* do to correct my faults."

"We decided I'd have to change my appearance. I'd got plump, so I went on a diet. I'd been up to 130 pounds. Now, I'm down to 110. I always felt artificial with blonde hair. I let it go brown. My hair,

New! 1941 Model Pocket Tubes Batteries Plug in Radio
DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS
 Dual Bands - Magictenna - Microdial
 Fits your pocket or purse—Wt. 6 ozs. Small as cigarette pack. age. Receives standard & some short wave. Patented Power Rectifier. No tubes, batteries. Hi-ratio easy tuning slide "Microdial". M. L. of Ill. says: "Midget radio works fine!"
ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE!
 Sent complete ready to listen with instructions & tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. Simple to operate—no electricity needed!
 Send No Money! Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage charges on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M.O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. A most unusual value! Order now! FREE! Plug in "Magictenna"—Eliminates outside wires!
MIDGET RADIO CO. Dept. SC-12, Kearney, Nebr.

Attractive FREE Catalog
 Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.
Write Dept. W METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS
 Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, \$7.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.
KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
 Box 2140, Dept. SC Bridgeport, Conn.



This pleasant picture of Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart, left, with Irving Rapper, dialogue director, while on location for "High Sierra," makes us doubt the rumors that Ida and Bogey were tiffing because one was trying to steal scenes from the other.

urally, is even darker than I'm wearing
ow, but it photographs better this color
it's close enough to natural for me to
at ease.

When the eighteen months were up I
rted looking for work. Nobody wanted
I literally couldn't get a job—any kind
job. Finally Harry Cohn of Columbia
t me in two pictures—one with Warren
lliam in 'The Lone Wolf Spy Hunt' and
other, 'The Lady and the Mob.'

"Lou and I went to the previews. 'You
ow, darling,' he said, 'somehow, as much
I love you, I never believe you on the
een. I'm always conscious you're acting.
u act too much with your eyes and your
e. Why don't you forget them and try
make your dialogue—your intonations—
press what you feel and mean?'

"So we started acting at home. We write
ays, too. Just putting down words on
per gives you a feeling of authority—of
nfidence in yourself—even though you
alize what you're writing probably hasn't
iota of literary merit.
"Finally Paramount decided to make
he Light That Failed' after all, and I
t the part. That's why I say an actress
only as good as her box-office. I had
ever worked as hard in all my life put
gether as I worked on that characteriza-
on. The picture was previewed and I'm
ot conceited when I say I got superlative
otices. People I barely knew came up to
e and raved. Writers interviewed me and
magazines ran pictures of me.

"When the picture was released it was
ne of the greatest disappointments of my
fe. Despite my notices and all the fanfare
nd publicity I'd had, I couldn't get a job
gain. People would say, 'She's a good
ctress' but someone higher up would al-
ways add, 'But her pictures don't make
money. Look at "Light" and the business
e's doing.'

"I idled for six months—until Warner
Brothers started casting 'They Drive By
Night' and someone remembered me in
Light.' Now, 'Night' has been released and,
while it may not be an artistic triumph, it's
a box-office smash and I have a contract.

"I hope I never again have to work in a
prestige' picture—one that is an artistic
triumph but a box-office flop. I don't care
now full of hokum my pictures may be. All
I ask is that they be entertaining and that
people come to see them.

"Friends have told me I'm working now
for a tough studio. I haven't found it so. I
think I'm lucky to be working for any
studio. And, thank heavens, they've been
wonderful to me. President Harding's wife
always used to say, 'You can catch more
flies with sugar than vinegar'—and it's true.
I think all actors and actresses should
realize the studio has the whip hand. If you
go into the front office and say, 'What are
you trying to do, ruin me? I won't do this
part!'—you can't blame them for getting
sore. But so far I've found them perfectly
willing to at least listen to me."

Ida was getting all excited again, so I
hurriedly "yessed" her and changed the sub-
ject. "I don't think there's any doubt now
that you're headed for the top," I told her,
"but there's one other thing I'd like to
know. Do you think when you have become
one of the most important stars on the
screen you would like to go back to
England?"

"No," she answered promptly. "I went
back once on a three months' visit. I stayed
one month and couldn't wait to get back
here. I've absorbed too much of America—
too many of your Americanisms to live
anywhere but here. I'd like to visit three
months of the year in England and spend
the rest of the time here. I love California.
I don't even care about going to New York.
This soft climate, the sunshine, the people.
I love it all. No," she repeated softly, glanc-
ing at a picture of Lou, "I've got what I
want—at last!"

HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY THESE 5 WAYS

See how much this medicated
cream may do for your skin!

NURSES first discovered the unusual qualities of
Noxzema! Now millions of women use it regularly
to help keep skin clear and smooth. Give yourself a
new beauty experience—try Noxzema these 5 im-
portant ways...

1. AS A NIGHT CREAM. Notice how cooling and refreshing this medicated cream feels... how it softens rough, dried-out skin.
2. POOR COMPLEXION. Noxzema aids in healing externally-caused blemishes—its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.
3. AS A POWDER BASE. Noxzema keeps your make-up fresh and lovely for hours; helps protect your skin from sun and wind.
4. AS A HAND CREAM. Noxzema helps heal the tiny cuts and cracks in chapped hands; helps keep your hands soft, smooth, white.
5. AS A SKIN COMFORTER. Use Noxzema for Chafed Skin, for skin Reddened, Roughened by wind or sun, for painful Scalds and Burns.

Try this medicated, greaseless cream today! Get a jar now at the special bargain price—remember, money refunded if you're not delighted with results.



Special!
75¢ NOXZEMA
Only 49¢

"Oh Darling
it's lovely!"



HOLYOKE Set
Engagement Ring
109.75
75.00



CLASSIC Set
Engagement Ring
114.75
75.00



BRIGHTON Set
Engagement Ring
139.50
125.00

Rings enlarged
to show details.

Doubly treasured because it's
GENUINE-REGISTERED
a **Keepsake**

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

IF YOU'RE heading for a wedding make
sure the ring bestows a real tribute. Choose
a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond
Engagement Ring... the standard of
quality and value for nearly five decades.
The Certificate of Quality and Registration
is your protection against an unwise choice.
There's a Keepsake for every taste and
purse. Extended payments can usually be
arranged. See the new matched sets at your
jewelers.

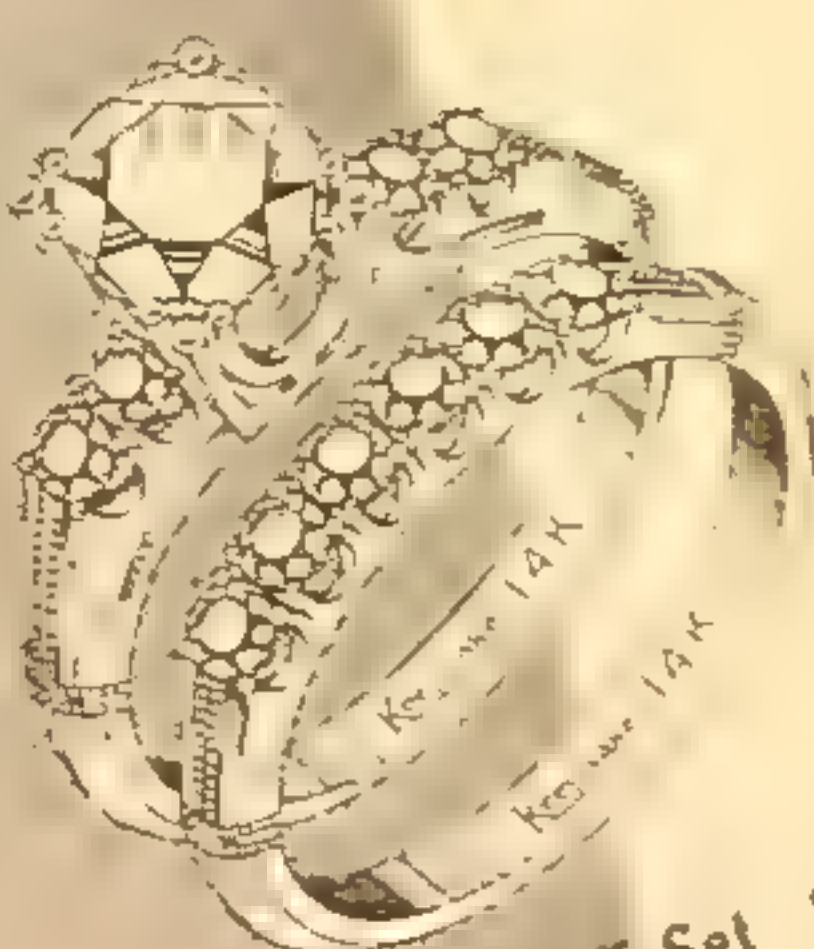
Before you announce
your engagement
write for book!

Keepsake Diamond Rings
A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Please send the valuable book, "Etiquette
of the Engagement and Wedding." I en-
close 10 cents to cover mailing.

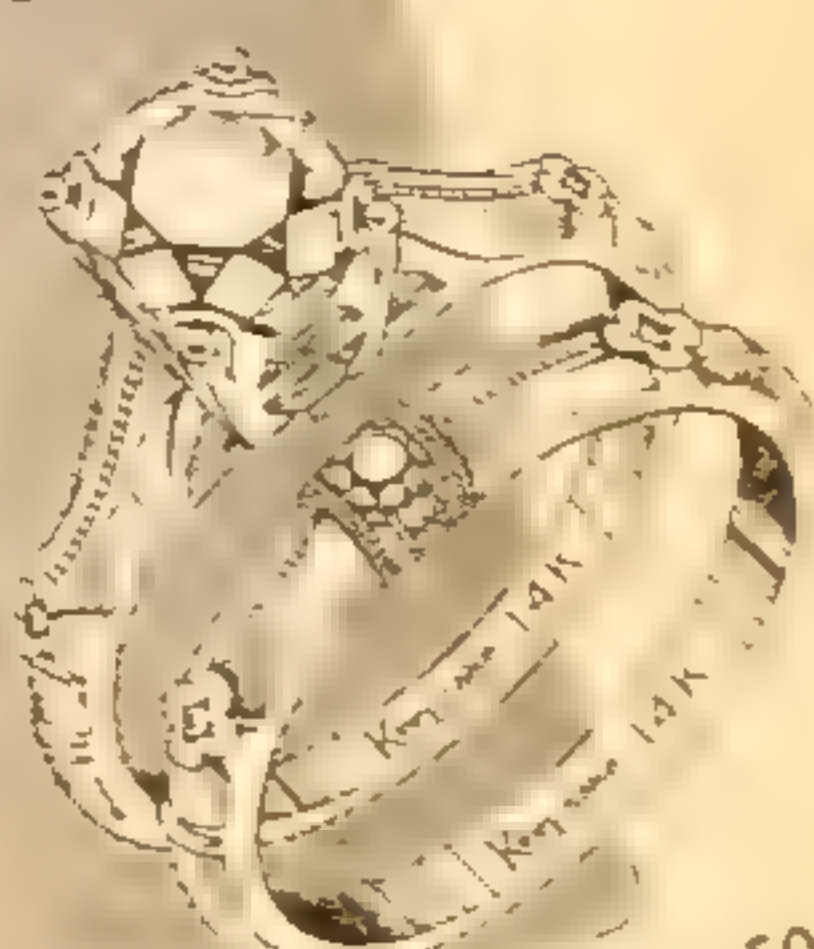
Name
Street and No.
City SL 12-40



SHARON Set
Engagement Ring
250.00
200.00



AVONDALE Set
Engagement Ring
937.50
175.00



SERENE Set
Engagement Ring
69.50
50.00

"YOUR
FACE'S
CLOSEST
FRIEND"

Gayanne
POWDER PUFFS

... because they're softer,
finer, apply powder more
smoothly. Yet they cost no
more! Packages at 5c and 10c

Gayanne

Sold Exclusively At All

S. S. KRESGE CO. STORES

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. **SO USE COMMON SENSE!** Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle yet thorough* bowel movements but **ALSO** stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



Have a
**"POPULAR"
COMPLEXION!**

Save heartaches of a bad complexion. Try pleasant, vanishing AKNASOL lotion. Most effective in clearing up ugly surface pimples and blackheads. Not an ointment. AKNASOL disappears quickly and acts as a grand powder base, working beneath your make-up to make your complexion lovely and alluring. Effectiveness proved by recent clinical tests. Send \$1 or order C. O. D. plus postage.

MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

AKNASOL COLLOIDAL PHARMACALS, INC.
Dept. S-2, 565, 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

WANTED

**ORIGINAL
SONG POEMS**
any subject for immediate consideration. Don't delay—send your poem at once to—

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.



GIVEN AWAY!
Gorgeous Birthstone Ring; Bracelet or Pendant to match in solid sterling silver, **Your Size and Month**, your choice **FOR** selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Order 4 salve and new catalog. Send No Money. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 22, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

Marlene Dietrich reveals the truth about herself!

DON'T MISS "Marlene tells tales out of School." In December's Silver Screen Marlene Dietrich talks freely without studio censorship for the first time!

Read the truth about her husband and child and the dramatic story behind her world-famous legs!

Look for this and other exclusive features;

**IN THE BIG DECEMBER
SILVER SCREEN**

10c

Now on sale

10c

imagination, designed to keep her scores of admirers at bay.

Sagittarians, because of their dependent natures, usually make excellent mates. Marriage is more important to them than any other career, and if there are children, they seldom divorce.

Fay Bainter, born in this sign also, symbolizes on the screen the parent generation, but she had the most romantic courtship of any movie actress. Her husband, a commanding officer, turned a battleship off its course (in war times, too,) to pursue Miss Bainter on the high seas. At the court martial the secretary of the navy forgave him, saying, "Thank God, romance is not dead in the navy." It would have been a shame, had the stars put an end to such a spectacular love but, fortunately, Miss Bainter's marriage is perfect and will last forever.

When Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a Sagittarian, married Joan Crawford, an Aries, they would have had a chance had either one been less ambitious for the spotlight. The consuming fire of Aries, in this case, completely absorbed the gentle flame of Sagittarius and since Doug has in his horoscope many planetary influences forbidding obscurity, it was not until he left Miss Crawford that he definitely established himself. His marriage to socialite Mary Hartford more promising.

Sagittarians as a whole have been having a tough time of it the last few years, but now that Saturn has emerged from affliction we can expect great things of them again. If this is YOUR birth sign then you, too, may expect better fortune from your stars. You may have new business ventures that will turn out profitably, or your romantic life will suddenly take a turn for the better, (if it has been in any way unfortunate). Travel may engage your attention, and the home life should prosper.

Now that we have analyzed your screen favorites, what about YOUR own fortune for this month? To find out what the stars promise you in the way of thrills, romance, finances and other departments of your life, check below and find the section dealing with your birthdate.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Saturn and Mars bring warnings during

this month to watch your finances. Avoid entanglements, indebtedness and difficulties in the home. If married, quarrels should be avoided for some misunderstanding may bring unhappiness. Those seeking new romance may find revived interest in an old 'flame.' Act with confidence and courage at this time for Jupiter brings you expansive vibrations to fight the negative forces at work. Those in public work may be restless, seek other employment. Make no change without seriously thinking it over. Progress may be slow but sure this month. Avoid overeating, and dangerous vehicles. Good days are: 2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th and the 30th.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Financial matters will occupy your attention quite strongly this month. Progressive business affairs will engage your attention. Your executive ability should be used for you will be in a position to go far by following your inner instincts. If engaged in work that is connected with finances, insurance, stocks and bonds or banking, you will be in your own element and should prosper. The month favors all activities that come under the scope of Venus—women's styles, hats, gowns and jewelry, cosmetics, interior decorating, and antique shops. Favors going into business for yourself this month. Romantically you should be the master of any situation that arises. As usual, you may be torn between two loves—choose real love not position or money. Marriages contracted this month for this sign should prove fortunate, especially if they are with Virgo, Capricorn, or Pisces. Avoid bad health disturbances on the 4th, 18th and 27th. The diet must be watched carefully, as you are under nervous, high strung vibrations. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 29th. Other days are neutral for routine affairs.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Mercury and Jupiter favor new ventures this month. Avoid confusion and personal involvements with those close to you. Do not travel unless you absolutely have to at this time, for you prosper more by your

When Blanche Yurka, left, and Fay Wray visited Anita Louise on the set while she was making "Glamour for Sale," Red Cross work was not neglected. They brought along their knitting.





Kay Kyser, Ginny Simms, left, and Helen Parrish make up this smiling trio. The girls appear with Kay in his unique comedy drama, "You'll Find Out," which features the famous Kyser band.

present environment rather than by going to distant places. Attend to finances, investments and earning money. Your sign is under favorable aspects for romance but a good deal depends on how you handle the love element in your life. Avoid complications with two or more persons, be sure of the one you love and avoid being fickle. You should avoid engagements or other serious manifestations of love this month, for you may not yet know the one person who should be the future mate. Those married and unhappy will do well to await more fortunate circumstances in making a decision regarding divorce. This is a month in which caution should be used lest you make decisions that prove unfortunate. The following professions are favored this month; teaching, nursing, art and designing, music, acting and dancing, or singing. If you have a chance to make a change in business you should put it off for a while, the vibrations at this time are not so good for such changes. Good days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 24th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th. Other days are neutral.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

The month opens under progressive rays from the planet of money, Jupiter. Make the most of any opportunities that come your way. Invest in real estate, stocks, or other interests. Do not let your moody nature get the best of you. Avoid involvements in love, for Venus brings some disturbances in heart affairs. You may not feel that true love has found you yet, but give Cupid a chance a little longer, for you are being prepared for some very startling surprises in this department of your life. The home should prosper; take an interest in redecorating, shopping, moving to another location, or anything else that concerns improving your present lot in life. Deal with the public all month, and avoid indebtedness in business matters. Good days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 29th.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

Your ruling planet, the Sun, favors almost anything you undertake this month. A business opportunity may seek you out

that will profit you financially. A good time to go into business for yourself, or into a profitable partnership. Favors those engaged in clothing, millinery, jewelry or other articles of clothing and adornment. Deal with those in high office, officials of government and public institutions. Health should be somewhat improved at this time. Warnings exist around the end of the month for the nervous system. Rest, relax, and seek solitude at least one hour a day. Under these constructive vibrations the creative faculties are stimulated; favors writing, acting, music, art, and dancing. Good days this month: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th, 30th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Changes are in order for you, not only in the personal department of your life, but also in business and finances. Your mind will be free from worry and fear; have more confidence in your ability, for you can rise rapidly when you once know your mental powers. Do not be hasty in regard to business relations. If working, you may be tempted to leave suddenly, rather wait until you have another good opportunity for advancement in another position. Those in the home may feel some irritability from Mars. Avoid quarrels and dissension; be cautious lest friends or relatives involve you in some disagreement. Concentrate on building up home interests, a good time to buy real estate, or invest in substantial income property. News may come from friends or relatives, short trips may engage the attention. Good days this month are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 28th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

The romantic side of your life needs special attention. (Is this surprising?) Venus is your ruling star, and it is known as the planet of love, so, naturally, your principal concern will always be about the outcome of a current love affair or marriage. You must watch out lest you have divided love interests, for many times one with your personal appeal attracts two romances at the same time. This month brings you decisions, new opportunities in romances, and some personal problems that



*The Secret of
Exciting • Beautiful
Healthy Hair*
Leading Beauticians and Scalp
Specialists Recommend

MARIE de MEDICIS
Original
SCALP CREAM
formerly called Scalp Food

- For Dandruff
- Falling Hair
- Itching Scalp
- Various Scalp Ills

At all Cosmetic and Toilet Goods
counters. . . . Or send 50c for
(postpaid) generous size tube to
MARIE de MEDICIS PRODUCTS
CO., 125 No. 9th St., Philadelphia,
Pa.

Try Marie de Medicis
ORIGINAL ROSE OIL
Brilliantine
America's First and Finest Rose Oil

Brush Away
Gray Hair
*...and Look 10
Years Younger*



• Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get **BROWNATONE** today.

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

Did "Diamond Jim" Have Stomach or Ulcer Pains?

It is hardly likely that Diamond Jim Brady could have eaten so voraciously if he suffered after-eating pains. Sufferers who have to pay the penalty of stomach or ulcer pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid should try a 25c box of Udga Tablets. They must help or money refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

TYPEWRITER **1/3 PRICE**

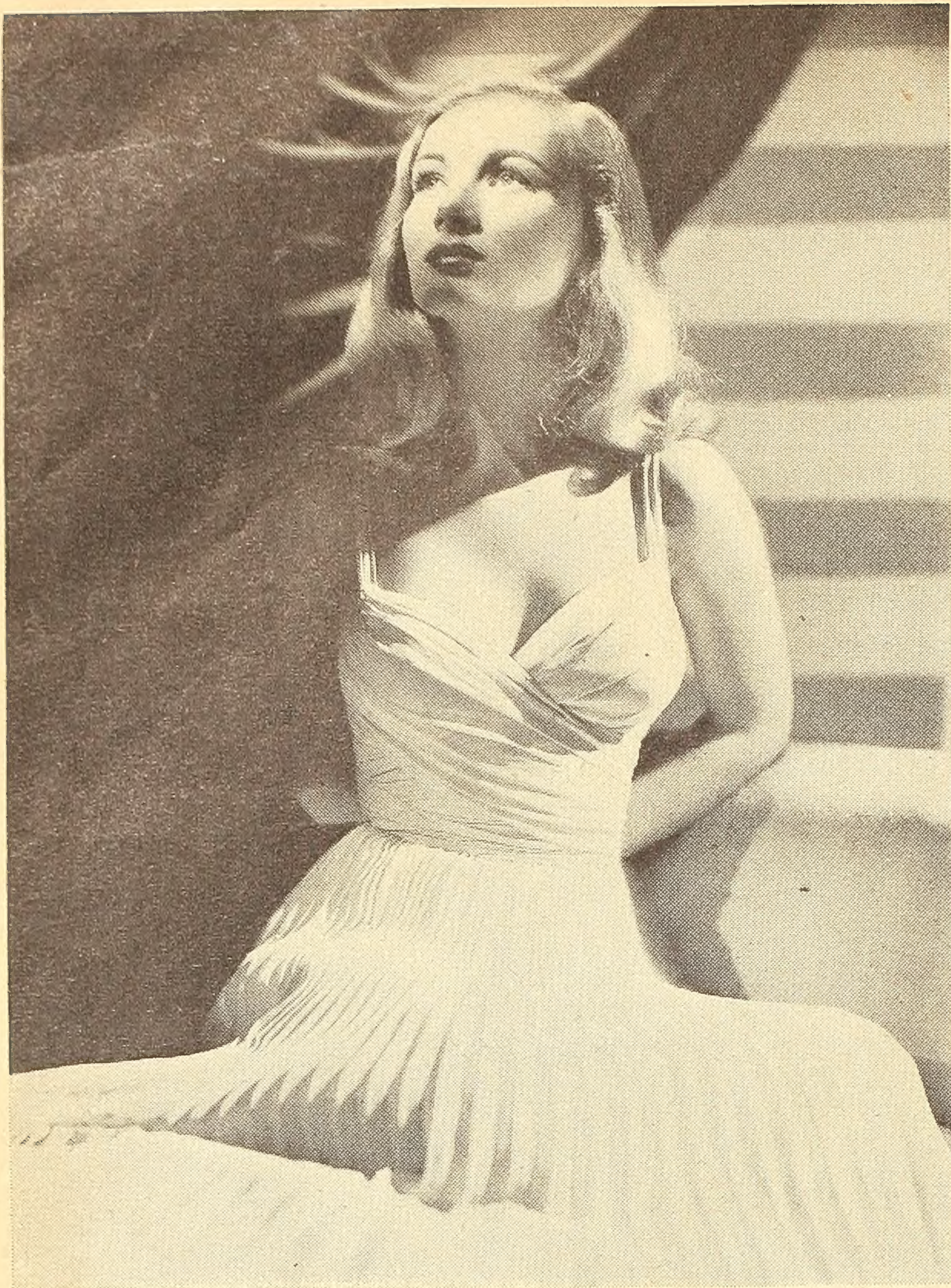
STANDARD OFFICE MODELS
1/3 MFRS. ORIG. PRICE
Easiest Terms
as Low as **60¢ a Week**

All late models completely rebuilt like brand new. **FULLY GUARANTEED.**
No Money Down—10 Day Trial
Free price-smashing catalog shows all makes in colors. **FREE COURSE IN TYPING INCLUDED.** See catalog before you buy. **SEND NOW.**
INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCH.
Dept. 1217 231 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. **10c A DAY**



Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two week's supply, mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave you, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale by druggists everywhere.



Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., declares that Veronica Lake, Hollywood's new blonde orchid girl, is the screen's most startling recent discovery. Miss Lake, who has played bit parts in three pictures under the name of Constance Keane, has an important rôle in "I Wanted Wings," a new film about the training of America's war eagles, with Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris.

handle things right. Do not break off any existing romance or marriage, for your sign is better off this month in your present circumstances rather than by taking chances in love. One or more persons may come into your life who may radically affect your future. Ask favors in business, seek promotion or raise in salary. Try to get into some type of work where you can use your splendid executive ability. You also have ability to sell and meet the public. Travel is not to be encouraged this month, for your sign is better off by remaining in one place. You are apt to roam too much for your own good. The 1st, 3rd, 19th and 30th are days on which you must watch your health, avoid accidents and be careful of arguments. The good days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

This famous sign has little to worry about this month. You can sit back confidently, for most of your struggles of the past few years are about over. This doesn't mean that you should make no effort to progress, for that is always necessary, but things should come easier. Some good business opportunities await you this month. Work connected with radio, newspapers, advertising, motion pictures or stage, is most favored for this sign. Anything that is artistic and creative thrives under the stimulating vibrations that your constellation sends earthward this month. Avoid romantic problems, for this sign often has two marriages. If you have already had unhappiness in love or marriage it is too late to warn you of the past, but you can avoid a repetition of your mistakes in the future. Venus favors a new love affair; even an old sweetheart may come back into your life at this time. Children come under wonderful vibrations in the home this month. The health should be improved, but watch the nerves, get plenty of rest and do not overwork. Good days: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

Your ruling planet brings you under better vibrations for money matters this month. This should be a relief, for it marks the ending of a cycle that has caused you great unhappiness. Take advantage of these vibrations and promote your business interests. If you have been considering entering business for yourself, this is a good month for it. Buy or sell real estate, and invest money in safe ventures. The romantic side of your life may cause confusion, unless you use your head. Do not force yourself into any romantic alliance without being quite sure you are going to be happy. Love means a great deal to you, but there are some dangers to be avoided this month in romance. You are generally most attractive to the opposite sex, and it is not difficult to meet the right person, but you must be patient. This month may bring several chances to meet members of the opposite sex, but be reserved and conservative, as these friendships may never develop into anything serious. Pisces is one sign that is complete within itself, so do not rush the romantic side of your life. Travel by land is favored this month, also matters connected with the home, children and elderly persons. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

There is a totally different reading for every sign of the Zodiac. To find out your individual fortune consult your own solar horoscope. Your chart covers such important matters as: love, marriage, business, finances, travel and health.

may be difficult to solve. Do not act hastily, for you are apt to be slightly suspicious, jealous and inclined to argue. Money should flow in more rapidly this month, but it doesn't matter how much you make, you will always spend money in proportion to your income. A good month to attend to matters concerning insurance, legacies, wills, and banking. Relatives thrive this month, although some disturbing news may come from afar. Good days this month are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

No matter what problems confront you, your stars generally give you the fortitude to see them through to success. This month may present several such problems, for Mars goes on the rampage again. The romantic side of your life, always subject to change, brings you acute discomfort. Be careful that you do not let yourself be swayed by temporary disturbances, for if you hold out long enough, you can find romantic happiness. Mix socially this month, for it will do you good to meet many people; among them may be the one person who can change your romantic life for the better. Try to curb your tendency to criticism and nagging of others. If others treat you coldly, look within yourself for the reason. Have you ever thought that *you* might be wrong? This introspection is good for you this month and may help you correct whatever is wrong with your personality or life. Do not move or make changes unless you have to, for you prosper more by staying where you are. Watch the health all month, avoid accidents on the 4th and 18th. Be careful of disputes that might lead to legal involvements. There are good vibrations from Jupiter, planet of finances, so your pocket-book should be filled this month. Try to

hold on to some of it. Good days: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 27th, 29th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

To what we have already said about your sign, I might add that there are some warnings and danger signs ahead this month. On the 4th, 8th, 15th and 21st, be cautious lest you become financially involved. Good fortune is smiling at you now, for Jupiter brings you better vibrations than you've had for several years, but do not let yourself be overconfident. You may be tempted to splurge, to lend money to friends, to buy everything you want, but remember that there is generally a rainy day ahead of most Sagittarians, and you are no exception. Romantically, I can assure you of better understanding and more compatibility with the one you love, but remember, you are apt to be rather dominating and aggressive. This sometimes drives you to say or do things that cause the loved one great mental distress. Overcome this trait and you will be well on the road to romantic or marital happiness. Try to be on the lookout for a nice Aries or Leo person for marriage, for they generally make the best mates for Sagittarians. This is a good month for signing of contracts, legal documents relating to property, investments, etc. Also excellent time for dealing with the public, favors selling, secretarial work, banking, women's wear, millinery, jewelry, and the creative arts. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th. Other days are neutral.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

You can have a little more confidence in the outcome of your personal affairs this month. Happiness should be yours, if you



*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*

DURA-GLOSS

A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lusted beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the thrilling story of your fastidious daintiness! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—*doesn't* cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day!

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

*Choose your color by the
Fingernail Cap*

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢


**FASHION BULLETIN
NEW COLORS**

Zombie, Indian Red, Red Wine

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



Cut this out (along dotted line) and put in your change-purse to remind yourself.

A man in a suit and hat and a woman in a green dress and red hat are holding a large, golden tobacco leaf. The man is looking up at the leaf with a smile, and the woman is looking at him with a smile. The background is a dark, textured surface.

● Actual color photograph—Charles Belvin, independent buyer, inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

A QUESTION: "Which cigarette really does get the finer tobaccos?"

Well, ask most independent experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—and they'll tell you: Luckies!

That's important—for Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco

samples before buying—so we can pick out leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.



Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1